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Jesus and the Doctors[1]

Luke II. 46, 47 : ' And it came to pass, after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were amazed at His understanding, and His answers '.

For two days past we have been rejoicing at the way by which God has led this College and at what He has done through it. This evening we assembled to give thanks. We *have* given thanks, and we desire that our gratitude may be as real as possible. Now just as there is no penitence so deep as that of those who have discovered that God has forgiven their sins, so there is no thanksgiving so sincere as that of those who have realized their own insufficiency, and have made for themselves the discovery that it is the weak things of the world that God loves to use, and the base things and the things that are despised—yea, and the things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are. So, in order that our gratitude for what God has done through this College may be brimful of a wondering gladness, let us meditate this evening on the searching quality of the test which the College has, year by year, been facing, and on how easy it must always be to fail to satisfy that test.

This College has lived for fifty years, and we trust that it has long service still before it. Let me carry you back in imagination to another college that was in the full heyday of its reputation and that had still before it, as the event proved, another half century of existence. Let me carry you to the famous school of the Doctors of Law at Jerusalem in the year when the boy Jesus attended college for the first time in His life. Let me show you that college being put to the supreme test and failing to meet it—failing to meet it, and by its failure dooming the Jewish nation to the loss of its political identity.

[1] A Sermon preached at the Thanksgiving Service at the Golden Jubilee of the American College, Madura, February 21, 1932.

Attached to each Jewish synagogue, or mufassal Church, there was a school, and Jesus had doubtless studied in the synagogue school at Nazareth. It is always difficult for a grown man to answer the religious questions asked by little boys, and in the case of so enquiring a child as Jesus surely must have been, the difficulty would have been greater than usual. We can picture this eager, earnest boy treasuring up the questions which His Nazareth teacher and His parents had failed to answer to His satisfaction, and looking forward to the day when, at twelve years of age, He would be taken on His first pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There, in the classes taught by the more learned Doctors of Law in the colonnades of the Temple, surely He would be able to get His puzzles resolved and His eager questions worthily answered.

The great day arrived at last, and on reaching Jerusalem Jesus seized the first opportunity of mingling with the groups of students and sitting down with the regular pupils for their catechism lesson in front of the famous teachers. He came, like the others, as a learner. There is no foundation at all for the not uncommon idea that He wanted to expose the hollowness of the teaching given. It is true that He *was* putting to a test the reputation and the teaching of these distinguished Doctors, but He was doing so unconsciously. His desire was to *learn* and to get His questions *answered*. And as the days slipped by, He became so absorbed in what He was hearing and discussing that either He did not notice His parents' preparations to return home, or in His boyish mind home-going seemed far less important than staying on to learn more and more.

* * *

Jesus sought the distinguished teachers of the capital city to learn and not to teach—still less to confute and expose them. And yet in the popular notion of a confutation there is a deeper truth. For although to the *teachers* the boy Jesus came as a learner, to the *teaching* He came as a judge. That is what every true learner does. And that is what *you* want in *this* College and what *we* want in *ours*. Every day we are being put to the test. In most cases it is to the weaker test of minds that are far from original and are too easily satisfied, but not infrequently it is to a severer test. And although we do not expect ever to be put to the supreme test of the coming to us of Jesus as learner, yet any day it may happen that our teaching is tested by the coming to us as a learner of some mind of outstanding originality.

In what manner shall *we* come through that test? Have we teachers penetrated to the eternal truth which must be at the heart of the knowledge and wisdom which is our heritage from the past?

Have we *so* penetrated to this eternal truth that even the most original mind among our students—one whose critical faculties constrain him to reject the *form* in which our hold upon this truth expresses itself—cannot miss that eternal truth itself?

If we have, he will recognise in us true comrades of the spirit, and when the time comes, he will take from our hands the torch of truth and will be our successor in the relay race. And every fresh departure achieved by him in thought or action will be not a revolution but an evolution, conserving in a worthier form all that we have found most precious. On the other hand, if we teachers have only a superficial hold upon the knowledge and wisdom that is our heritage—if we have mastered only its temporary forms of expression without seizing that in them which is eternal, then of our most original students we shall be apt to manufacture mere revolutionaries, who, in grasping at the new, will throw away much that has real value.

The teaching was tried and found wanting.—We do not know how definite was the impression which this short visit left on the young mind of Jesus. Was it enough to show Him that the great Doctors of Law at Jerusalem, though cleverer and more learned than the synagogue school-masters at Nazareth, were no better able to satisfy His enquiring mind and eager spirit? Or did He need to drop in again to listen to them, many times, on His annual pilgrimages to Jerusalem during the unchronicled years, before He reached His final estimate of their teaching? We cannot tell. But this we do know. The great schools of the Law at the capital cast no spell upon Him. He did not feel driven to break away from His Nazareth home and sacrifice everything in order to master the lore of the schools. He did not grow fired with an ambition to become a Doctor of Law Himself, and, as the greatest Scribe among the Scribes, to secure a position within organised Judaism from which to express Himself to His age. Instead of this, He had to work out His great conceptions within the quiet of His own thoughts, and amidst the drudgery of an obscure carpenter's shop. And when at last He did find a teacher after His own heart, that teacher was a revolutionary in religion, John the Baptist, and He Himself was a disciple more revolutionary than His master. For, although in one respect the message of Jesus was not revolutionary, but a true evolution of what had been deepest in the Old Testament revelation, it was revolutionary as compared with the teaching of His day and generation. The Doctors of the Law had mastered and developed the forms of the Hebrew religious heritage, but they had missed what in it was deepest and most eternal. And so, when at length Jesus Himself came out as a teacher, He had to array Himself *against* the teaching of the schools. 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees,' He had to cry, 'because ye shut the Kingdom of Heaven

against men: for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter.' And because the soul-dulling influence of the Rabbinic schools had been so disastrously effectual as to wed the Jewish nation to all that was most narrowly exclusive in Judaism, the spiritual victory that Jesus won had to begin in tragedy. As a nation, the Jewish people rejected its spiritual deliverer, and in so doing sealed its own doom as a political entity. Into the Kingdom of God there came men from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, but as a nation the children of Abraham shut themselves outside.

Are you, the teachers of this College—are we, the teachers in other Christian Colleges—being tried and found wanting? Are you, and are we, imparting to the students the mere externals of our scientific and cultural and religious heritage? Are we missing the deep and eternal principles which an eager and original mind will seize upon and assimilate and develop? If we are, then either we or our successors will see our work undone. If we are, then the new India that is today in its throes of birth will sweep past us, and in its passion for whatever of new truth it may have discovered and new ideals it may have embraced, will tear up and throw away much that is precious, and that it might have been our service to hand on in perpetuity from the achievements of the past.

Are we, in our soul-testing vocation of teacher, perpetrating this terrible failure? Or has God given you grace in this College throughout these fifty years to reach inwards to the eternal core of truth, and like scribes well instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven, to bring forth out of your storehouse things new and old? If He has, then indeed you may well, this evening, be making humble and adoring thanksgiving.

* * * *

I have been preaching to teachers. May I, before concluding, say a word to you, the students? For there is a testing of students as well as of teachers. There can be no giving without taking—no enlightening without enquiring.

Jesus never became a Doctor of Law, but He did become a teacher. And one day there came running to Him a young man who seemed to be a student after His own heart. He seemed to be that because what he asked for was not the external forms of learning, but the secret of eternal good of which these forms can only be the channel. 'Good Doctor,' the young man cried, 'What must I do to inherit eternal life?' In reply, Jesus first made test of the young man by offering him the kind of answer which He Himself, on that day of His boyhood, had been offered by the Doctors of the Temple chools. 'Earn eternal life', He said, 'by the keeping of the Law.' Then,

when the enquiring youth showed himself disappointed by this reply, He offered him the true secret. 'Go, sell all that you have and give to the poor, and then come and follow me.' But this was a student who could not meet the test. Jesus, the teacher, tried to give, but the student could not take, for the cost of acceptance was too great.

Are you, the students of this College, seeking the right end by means of your studies? Are you seeking not only technical qualifications for this or that career, but also, in and through these, the secret of how to live the kind of life that it is worth God's while to conserve for ever—worth God's while to preserve through physical death and beyond it? Are you seeking this secret, and when it is offered you, are you willing for the cost of accepting and using it?

The cost is beyond measure, but it is well worth paying. It is the dedication of all that you are and have. Jesus does not care a great deal whether you give away your all in outward form, but He does insist that you dedicate it, every bit, and henceforth treat it all as His, not yours.

It is this secret of eternal life—this duty and opportunity of supreme self-dedication, that this College is trying to teach you. Are you students failing to meet the great test? Or are you willing to learn the secret, no matter how much it will cost?

A. G. HOGG.

The Song of Roland

The Song of Roland is an epic or heroic poem, in French, of about 4,000 lines (at least originally), arranged in stanzas or 'leashes' of anything from five to twenty lines, all the lines in a leash being linked not by rhyme but by *assonance.* It was written probably some time in the eleventh century; nobody knows who wrote it, though of course there are those who pretend that they know. Much of the story that it tells is plainly moonshine, but it is founded on an actual historical fact recorded in almost contemporary chronicles. In the year 778 A. D., King Charles the Great, or Charlemagne (who on Christmas Day, 800 A. D., was crowned Emperor of Europe), led a great army into Spain, then occupied by Muslims, Asiatic and African, who were always raiding over the Pyrenees into France and had to be suppressed. Charles successfully besieged Pamplona and Cordova, and then marched on Saragossa, the chief stronghold of the Muslims. But before he could invest it properly, he heard of a rising of Saxons in the northern extremity of his enormous domains, and returned hurriedly. And as he was going through the pass of Val-Carlos in the Pyrenees, at Roncesvalles, his rearguard under Roland was cut to pieces in an ambush by the 'Saracens'.

This story for some reason caught the imagination of the French people, and soon everyone was singing about Roland and his friend Oliver; and about two centuries later the first French epic was written on this subject. The story was changed almost out of recognition, as the following pages will show.

It is strange that the unknown poet should have chosen for his epic a story of failure and death. It is tempting to think that the story became famous partly because of its setting. Roncesvalles is well worth seeing. It is a little cup, five or six miles round the rim, very pretty and well-wooded, just south of the main watershed of the Pyrenees, here 4,000 or 5,000 feet high. To the south lies Spain, an arid treeless plateau stretching away to the sun in rolling ridges. On the watershed itself Val-Carlos suddenly opens at your feet as you go north, a narrow gorge so deep and so steep that much of it lies in shadow even at midday. It runs almost due north and perfectly straight for something like ten miles, where it closes again in a rocky gorge through which the river rages its way to the placid plateau of St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, 'St. John at the foot of the gate'. Val-Carlos, the Valley of Charles (so named after Charlemagne), is always called 'Gate of Spain' in the poem. The contrast between the open sunny

plateau to the south of Roncesvalles, and the dark chasm on the north, is most striking. Something must have happened here, you feel, that was both grand and terrible: and if Roland died here, his death must have been a thing of that sort.

What follows is intended to give some idea of the poem. The passages in quotation marks are simply translations, full and faithful except that some rhetorical devices of the poem—for instance the frequent repetitions—cannot be reproduced in prose, or in any modern verse-form. The poem was made to be sung by wandering minstrels.

I

The Emperor Charles had now been in Spain for seven long years, and had conquered every city but Saragossa, which is on a high hill. Marsila, the King of the Saracens, took counsel with his nobles; they were now desperate, and made up their minds to offer Charles all that he asked for; Marsila himself would promise to follow him to Aix, and to be baptized, and to make himself Charles's man. And they sent two ambassadors to crave for peace.

At Cordova, 'The Emperor was in a great orchard, and with him were Roland and Oliver, duke Samson, proud Anseïs, Geoffrey of Anjou the bearer of the king's standard, Gerin and Gerier, and many others, men of honourable age with great beards. Fifteen thousand knights were there, that were Franks of France; the oldest and wisest played at tables or at chess, and the merry bachelors jousted. Under a pine-tree and beside a sweet-briar was a great chair of massy gold, and the King of sweet France was seated upon it: his beard was white, and his hair was snowy; his body was fair, and his countenance proud. Those who sought him had no need to tell them who was Charles.'

The Paynims delivered Marsila's message, and begged that an ambassador might be sent to Saragossa to conclude peace. They offered ten or twenty children as hostages: but the Franks were still doubtful, knowing how deceitful Marsila was. The lesser men were not willing to trust themselves to Marsila; the peers, and Roland and Oliver, and Turpin the Archbishop of Rheims, were willing to go, but Charles would not let them risk their lives. Then Roland said that his own step-father Ganelon should be sent, and all the knights agreed; and Charles said that Ganelon must go. And Ganelon said, 'Sire, this is the doing of Roland. For the rest of my life I will hate him, and Oliver who is his comrade, and the twelve peers who love him. Before you, Sire, I defy them all.' He went nevertheless, because a vassal must obey; but he went cursing Roland in his heart and also openly.

Ganelon in Saragossa soon showed Marsila and the paynims what was in his heart. He told them that he would do nothing against the safety of Charles his lord, but he would gladly help them to destroy Roland; and he said that if Roland was dead they need fear nothing more from Charles, for Roland was as his right hand. And the traitor swore to bring it about that Roland should be left with the rearguard at Roncesvalles, where Marsila could kill him. Marsila also took an oath on 'a book in which was written the law of Mahummet and Termagant' that he would slay Roland. 'Thus the twelve Peers were doomed to death. And Ganelon said, May our covenant prosper.' Then Valdabrun, one of the paynim nobles, gave to Ganelon his sword, and in the hilt of it there were more than a thousand gold pieces; and Climborin gave him a helmet, and over the nasal of it was a precious carbuncle; and Bramimonde the queen gave him, for his wife, 'two bracelets of gold and amethysts and rubies, worth more than all the wealth of Rome'. And Marsila promised him fine gold of Araby, as much as ten mules could carry; and promised further to renew the gift again every year of his life. 'So Ganelon mounted on his horse, and went his way.'

II

Ganelon returned to Cordova with a great treasure for Charles (as well as his own), and with twenty hostages, and with Marsila's oath that he would follow Charles into France to be baptized and to do homage. The king and all the Franks believed him. 'A thousand trumpets were sounded through the camp; the Franks struck their tents, and turned towards sweet France again.' And they came to Roncesvalles.

'The evening passed, and the night darkened. Charles was asleep, and he dreamed. He is in the great passes of Cize [Val-Carlos], and in his hands he holds his ashen lance; and now Count Ganelon takes it from him, and shakes it so that it breaks in pieces, and the splinters fly towards heaven. Charles was asleep, he did not waken. And after that he dreamed again. He is in his France, in his chapel at Aix; and a bear is devouring his right arm to the bone. Then a leopard comes from the Ardennes, and leaps also on Charles very fiercely. But a greyhound comes from the palace, leaping towards Charles. He tears the right ear from the bear, and fights bravely with the leopard. What a battle! say all the Franks; but no one can tell how it will end. Charles slept, he did not waken.'

When the army was ready to go through the pass, Charles asked who was to command the rearguard. Ganelon said that it must be Roland. Charles knew that Ganelon spoke because he was possessed

by a devil: but he could do nothing to alter the course of fate, and Roland himself insisted that it was his right to command the rearguard. And he refused to take more than twenty thousand men. 'He mounted a hill; he did on his hauberk, the best that ever man saw, and girded to his side Durendal with the golden hilt, and hung from his neck the painted horn, Olifant. For horse, he would have none but Veillantif. He held his spear upright, and the golden fringes of the gonfalon fell to the hilt of his sword. No man could see him without loving him, and the Franks cried, We will follow him! . . .

'So Roland rested in the rearguard, with Oliver and the twelve peers; and the archbishop said, By my head, but I will stay with you too. And Charles entered the pass of Roncesvalles. In Roncesvalles the mountains are high and the valleys are dark. The Franks passed, with great grief: the noise of their march was heard fifteen leagues away. But when they saw Gascony, their lord's land, they remembered their fiefs and domains, their maidens and gentle wives: and there was not one of them that did not weep tenderly.

'But Charles was sorrowful above them all, for he had left his nephew in the Gate of Spain; he wept, and plucked his white beard, and hid his face under his mantle. Duke Naimon asked him why he wept, and the king answered, You do wrong to ask. My grief is that France shall be destroyed by Ganelon; for last night an angel warned me in a dream that Ganelon would break the lance in my hands. I have left my nephew in a strange country. God! If I lose him, I shall not find his like again. And Charles wept again; and a hundred thousand knights were smitten with pity, and with great fear for Roland.'

III

Marsila meanwhile had gathered his men by beat of drum at Saragossa, and was now marching eight hundred thousand of them to Roncesvalles; and at last they saw the gonfalons of the twelve Peers over a ridge. Marsila also had twelve peers: 'Malprimis of Brigal, a man of many wicked arts, who could run faster than any horse' and others, the last being 'Chernubles, whose hair swept the ground; he could carry more than four mule-loads on his back when he jousted; he was the lord of Val-Noire, where there is neither sun nor growing corn, nor rain nor dew, nor any stone that is not black; and many say that devils live there.'

'It was a clear day, the sun was fair, and all the armour shone. A thousand horns of the paynims were sounded, and the noise was so great that the Franks heard it. And Oliver said to Roland, Comrade, it may well be that we shall fight with the Saracens. God grant it!

said Roland: it is our devoir to stand for our king. A man must suffer great griefs for his lord: he must endure heat and cold and receive grievous wounds. Let each man fight nobly now, so that no ill song may be sung of us. No one shall ever learn to be a coward from me!'

Oliver climbed the hill, and saw all the Paynims. 'Ganelon has betrayed us,' he cried. But Roland answered, 'Be silent: he is my step-father.' Then Oliver came down again, and bid Roland sound his horn Olifant, that the king might hear and might return to help them. But Roland answered, 'Never: I should lose my glorious name in France. I will smite great blows, till Durendal is red with blood to the golden hilt, and all the Franks will fight valiantly. It is an ill thing that the paynims are come to the Gate of Spain, for they are all doomed to death.' Three times Oliver asked him, but Roland still refused, saying, 'God forbid that any man should say that I had winded my horn for a paynim . . . God and his holy angels forbid that France should lose her valour through me! I would rather die than suffer disgrace. It is because we fight well that the Emperor loves us.

'Thus Roland was proud and Oliver was wise: both were very brave . . . .

'Then the archbishop climbed on a hill, and preached to the Franks. He said, Lords and barons, Charles has left us here. We must die for our king. Stand for the cause of Christ. You will surely have a battle, for with your own eyes you see the Saracens. Now confess your sins, pray God for mercy. I will shrive you and heal your souls. And if you die you shall be holy martyrs, and you shall have seats in Paradise. The Franks dismounted, and knelt on the ground; the archbishop blessed them, and commanded them for penance to lay on lustily. Then they rose, quit of their sins, and the archbishop made over them the Sign; and they mounted again on their swift chargers, armed in knightly fashion and ready for battle . . . . Roland looked on the Saracens proudly, and on the Franks gently; and he said to them, . . . In the name of God, think only of giving blows and of getting them; and do not forget Charles' battle-cry. At that word the Franks with one voice cried *Monjoie!* If you had heard them, you would have known what courage is. Now they ride forward, pricking furiously: God, how great their pride is! They begin to lay on: what else can they do?'

So the fighting begins. The first blood falls to Roland. Marsila's nephew Aëlroth spurs forward, mocking the Franks. 'When Roland hears him, God! how angry he is. He rides forward, spurring with his golden spurs, and smites the count as well as he can: he breaks his buckler, and disjoints his hauberk; he pierces his body, smashing

the bones and tearing the spine from the back; Aëlroth's neck is broken in two. So Roland hurls his soul out of his body.' Falsarum, Marsila's brother, is killed by Oliver. 'Then a king, Corsablis by name, begins to boast that the Paynims are many and the Franks few: when the archbishop hears that, there is no man under heaven whom he hates as he hates this paynim: he spurs forward and smites him through the body with his lance.' Gerin kills Malprimis of Brigal ('and Satan carries away the paynim's soul'), and Gerier kills the Emir, 'so that Oliver says, This is a good battle! . . . Duke Samson smites Amazour, cleaving the breast and the heart and the liver: A true baron's blow! cries the archbishop.' Ansëis slays Turgis of Tortosa, Engelier the Gascon slays Escremis of Val-Terne, Otto slays Esturgant, and Berengier slays Estramaris: so that of Marsila's twelve peers only two remain, Chernubles and the Count Margaris. 'Margaris goes back some way, and sounds his horn for help. It is a marvellous fight!' And now Roland meets Chernubles also: 'with one blow he cleaves the paynim's helmet, and his head, and his body down to the fork: the sword passes through the saddle and cleaves the backbone of the horse, so that horse and man fall dead together . . . Our barons are good men, says the archbishop, and he cries *Monjoie!*

'Oliver rides through the fight; his lance is broken, he has only the butt: with that he strikes Malsaram, so that the Paynim's eyes leap from their sockets and his skull falls at Oliver's feet. Then he slays two more paynims, but with that blow even the butt flies into splinters. Roland cries, Comrade, what are you doing? You have nothing save your butt, and iron and steel alone are worth. Where is your sword Hauteclaire? And Oliver answers merrily, I have not the time to draw it, there is such need of smiting. But he draws his sword, and smites a paynim, Justin of Val-Ferée, so that he splits horse and man together. And Roland says, Now I know my brother: it is for such blows that the Emperor loves us. And everywhere the Franks cry *Monjoie!* . . .

'And in all France there is a marvellous storm, tempest, thunder, wind, rain and hail out of measure; many thunderbolts fall, and there is a great earthquake. From Saint Michael of the Peril to the Saints of Cologne, from Besançon to the ports of Wissant, there is not a town but its walls shake. At high noon there is great darkness, and no light but the lightning. All are terrified, and some say, It is the end of the world. But they are wrong: it is a mourning for the death of Roland! These things may well happen when a Roland dies: there was never a better man on earth for beating the paynims and for conquering kingdoms.

'It is a marvellous rude battle, but now the paynims flee, and

the Franks pursue them. The whole land is covered with Saracens fleeing or slain; the Franks have won the battle: but God! what a price they have paid! Now they search through the field for the bodies of their dead comrades, and weep over them with much tenderness.

'Roland and Oliver and all the peers are good knights: of a hundred thousand paynims they have slain all but one, Margaris, who has saved himself by flight. But though he flees he is not to be blamed: he has proof of great courage on his body, the marks of four lances. His lance is broken, and his buckler is shattered so that there is only half a foot of it left below the boss; his sword is covered with blood, and his hauberk is disjointed. God! what a baron, if only he were Christian! He rides away into Spain, and shows Marsila all that has happened.'

IV

So ends Roland's first battle: but it is not the last, for Marsila has two armies still in reserve, each as large as Aëlroth's. And before the archbishop has time to preach the sermon he has in mind, 'Marsila comes through a valley with his host in twenty companies; the sun shines on the gold and jewels in their helmets, and on their lances and gonfalons, on their bucklers and broidered hauberks. Seven thousand horns sound the charge.'

The second battle, like the first, begins with a single combat: the Saracen Climborin attacks and kill Engelier of Gascony; but Oliver avenges Engelier, and then kills Duke Alphaïen, and Escababi, and seven Arabs, so that Roland says to himself, My comrade is angry!

The fight goes on fiercely, till the second paynim army also is broken and flying. 'The Saracens cannot hold; whether they will or not, they are driven from the field. The Franks pursue them hotly, taking no rest. They are red with blood up to the waist, their steel swords are broken and twisted, they have no arms left to defend them. Then they remember their horns, and are valiant again.'

V

Marsila immediately brings on his third army, commanding it himself.

'At their head rides Abîme, the greatest knave of them all, a man of many sins, that does not believe in God the Son of Mary. He is as black as pitch, and loves treason and felony more than all the gold in Galicia; no man ever saw him jesting or laughing. . . . The archbishop hates such a man: when he sees him, he says to himself, That Saracen seems to me a great heretic: I would rather die than

not kill him. And he mounts his horse that he took when he slew king Grosaille in Denmark. The horse is swift and shapely; . . . there is not a beast like him. The archbishop pricks him on, and lets the golden reins loose. Now he meets Abîme, and smites his marvellous buckler, which glistens with gold and precious stones, amethysts, topazes, crystals, and carbuncles; the Emir Galafre gave it to Abîme, and Galafre had it from a devil at Val-Metas. Turpin smites it without mercy, and now it is not worth a denier; and he cleaves the paynim's body in two, so that he falls dead. There is valiance, say the Franks: the archbishop can defend his crozier.'

The Franks are now only three hundred, but they fight as lustily as ever. There are five encounters, and four thousand paynims are killed, most of them by Roland and Oliver and the archbishop; and after that there are only sixty Franks left. Now Roland says to Oliver that the time has come to sound his horn, that Charles may know what has happened: but now Oliver will not allow it, and the two quarrel. 'By my beard, says Oliver, if ever I see my fair sister Alda again, you shall never lie in her arms.' Archbishop Turpin hears their hot words, and comes galloping to rebuke and reconcile them. His counsel is that Roland should sound his horn, so that Charles and his host may return in time to avenge them and to give the dead bodies of the rearguard Christian burial.

Roland then blows a mighty blast, so that the sound echoes thirty leagues away. Charles hears it, and says, Our men are fighting; but the traitor Ganelon persuades him that Roland is blowing only for sport, and the host rides on.

'Again count Roland winds his horn with pain and travail; the red blood leaps from his mouth, and the veins of his forehead are burst. But the sound goes far. Charles harkens to it, as he passes through the port; Naimon harkens also, and all the Franks hear it. Then the king says, I hear Roland's horn: he would not wind it unless there were a battle. But Ganelon laughs, and answers, . . . You know the pride of Roland, the great, and the valiant, and the marvellous: it is a wonder that God suffers it . . . And for a single hare he goes winding all day long. Doubtless he is bragging with his peers. No one under heaven would dare attack Roland. Ride on, Sire; we have far to go.

'Count Roland's mouth is all bloody, and the veins of his forehead are burst: he winds his horn a third time with pain and travail. Charles hears it, and all his Franks. The king says, That is a mighty breath; and Naimon answers, Roland is in straits. He has had a battle, by my conscience. Roland has been betrayed, Sire,—by the knave who is jesting with you. Arm now, and cry *Monjoie!* and succour your own house.'

The Franks arm themselves, and then turn. 'It is evening, and the day is clear again. . . . The mountains are high, and they cast great shadows; the valleys are deep, and their streams are swift. The horns sound before and behind Charles, answering the horn of Roland. The Emperor rides wrathfully, and his beard lies white on his hauberk; the Frankish barons spur forward by his side. . . . If Roland be wounded, they say, not a Saracen shall go free; and they pray God to guard him. But they are too late! Before they are at Roncesvalles Roland shall win the battle, and Marsila and all his men shall be in flight: but Roland shall be slain.'

Ganelon the traitor is handed over to the cooks, who put a chain round his neck as if he were a bear, and place him on a sumpter-horse.

VI

At Roncesvalles meanwhile the battle joins again. Roland looks at the dead Franks round about him, 'and as a gentle knight he weeps for them. . . . and says, Sweet France is bereft this day of the noblest of her barons; and it is by me, barons, that you are slain! May God keep you, God in whom there is no falsehood. Even if no man should slay me this day, yet would grief slay me. Then to Oliver he says, Comrade, let us lay on again. He cries *Monjoie!* He takes Olifant, and sounds the charge. He is in the field again, smiting like a baron with Durendal. . . . The archbishop says to him, You do well. A knight is worth nothing if he is not strong and proud in battle: he had better turn monk and pray for our sins.'

Marsila fights with wonderful courage; he kills Bevan, and Ivory and Ivon, and Gerard of the Roussillon. Roland sees it, and says, 'May the Lord God blast you! You have slain my comrades: before we part today you shall learn the name of my sword. And he strikes Marsila, shearing off his right hand.' Marsila turns and flees, and twenty thousand go with him.

The Caliph remains in the field with fifty thousand men from Africa: 'Their noses and ears are very great; they are blacker than ink; there is nothing white about them but the teeth.' They come on confidently. The Caliph strikes Oliver in the back, so that the lance passes through his breast. It is a mortal wound, and Oliver knows it. 'He takes Hauteclaire, and smites the Caliph on the golden helm; the gems and crystals fall to the ground, and he cleaves his head to the teeth. Then he says, Evil take thee, paynim! I will not deny that Charles has suffered loss, but now thou shalt not boast to wife nor dame that thou hast harmed him, nor wounded me.

'Roland says to Oliver, Friend, ride by me, for this day we shall

be parted. But when he looks at him he sees that his face is discoloured and pale, and that the red blood leaps from his body; and when Roland sees that he swoons on his horse. And look now: Roland is swooned on his horse, and Oliver wounded to the death. His blood is all gone, his sight is troubled; he no longer knows anyone. And now he encounters his comrade Roland, and smites him amain on the golden helm: he cleaves it down to the nasal, but he does not touch the head. At the blow, Roland opens his eyes; he looks at Oliver, and asks of him gently and sweetly, Friend, have you done this wittingly? I am Roland that is so dear to you: have you lost your love for me? Oliver says, Now I hear you speak, but I do not see you: the Lord God sees you. I have struck you: forgive me for it. Roland answers, I think no evil. Before God I forgive you. And they bend lovingly to each other: you see with what love they part.

'Oliver feels the pains of death upon him; both his eyes are turned in his head, he has lost sight and hearing. He alights from his horse, and lies on the ground; aloud he says, *Mea culpa*, and raising his joined hands to heaven he prays God to grant him paradise. He blesses Charles, and sweet France, and his friend Roland above all men. And now his heart fails him, and his head falls; he lies stretched on the ground: the count is dead.'

When Roland sees Oliver dead, he swoons again on his horse. When he opens his eyes, he sees that all the Franks are dead but himself, and the archbishop, and Walter of the Houm. And all are wounded to the death. But they throw themselves into the fight again. There are still a thousand paynims on foot, and forty thousand on horseback: but they dare not come near the three Franks. From a distance they throw darts, and the first dart kills Walter. And Turpin's charger is killed under him. But 'he draws Almace, his sword of burnished steel, and smites a thousand blows in the press. There are four hundred dead around him, some wounded, some cleft in two, others headless: the song says so, and so also says a witness of the fight, St. Giles for whom God works miracles, and who writes in Laon. And those who do not know this have no understanding of the matter. . . .

'Once more Roland takes Olifant, and winds it feebly. The Emperor stops, and hears it: Lords, he says, that is an evil sound. This day we lose Roland my nephew. I know by that blast that he has not long to live. If you would be there, ride swiftly. Sound the horns, as many as are here! Then sixty thousand horns are blown so loud that the mountains ring and the valleys echo.'

When the paynims hear Charles's horns, their hearts fail them: and after a last fight—four hundred of them against Roland and Turpin—they break and flee.

VII

The archbishop lies dying; Roland unlaces his golden helmet, and takes off his hauberk, and binds up his wounds. 'Then he goes over the field as quickly as he can, to find the bodies of the dead peers; and when he has found them he brings them back and lays them before the archbishop: and the archbishop, weeping, lifts his hand and gives them his benediction.

'When Roland sees the peers dead, and Oliver that he loved so well, he feels great tenderness, and weeps, so that his face is discoloured. He can no longer stand; he falls down, and swoons for grief. The archbishop is moved by pity. He takes Olifant. There is a running stream in Roncesvalles: he would go to that, and bring water for Roland. With great pain he goes a few steps, . . . but then his heart fails him, and he falls: the anguish of death is upon him . . . . Turpin cries *mea culpa*, and lifts his eyes to heaven; he joins his hands, and lifts them up to heaven, and prays God to grant that he enter Paradise. Turpin, servant of Charles, is dead. By great deeds of arms and fair sermons, he always fought with paynims. God send him grace.

'Roland opens his eyes again, and sees that the archbishop is dead; and he is more sorrowful than ever he was but for Oliver . . . . He takes Turpin's hands, and crosses them on his breast (how white and fair they are!); then he mourns over him, after the manner of his country. . . .

'Then Roland feels that death is near; his brains issue from his ears . . . . He takes Olifant, that none may reproach him, and in the other hand takes Durendal. He goes forward a bow-shot over the land of Spain, and climbs on a little hill, where there are four steps of marble under two fair trees. He falls on the green grass, and swoons for a time . . . . Then he rises to his feet with much pain; his face has lost its colour. He holds Durendal naked in his hand; there is a brown rock before him, and on that he strikes amain, ten times: the steel groans, but it does not break . . . . He strikes again on a stone of sardonyx: the steel groans, but it does not break. He says, Ah, good Durendal, how clear and white thou art, and how thou glistenest in the sun! Charles was in the valleys of Moriane, when God from heaven commanded him to give thee to a worthy captain: and the great king girt thee on me. Now thou art a grief and a perplexity to me: I would rather die than leave thee to the paynims.

'He strikes on a brown stone and strikes harder than I can tell. The steel groans, but it does not break: it leaps upward again. When Roland sees he cannot break it, he laments, saying, Ah, Durendal, thou art fair and very holy . . . . May no coward ever hold thee! Let not the Lord God so shame France!

'Now Roland feels that death holds him, and goes down from his head to his heart. He goes quickly and casts himself down beneath a pine, and lies on the green grass; he puts Durendal and Olifant beneath him. Then he turns his face against the paynims, that Charles and all his men may know that the count died a conqueror.

'He thinks of many things; of the many lands he has conquered, of sweet France, of the men of his house, of Charlemagne his lord who nourished him, of the Franks who loved him so well; and he cannot but weep. But he does not forget his sins. He smites his bosom with one hand, and says, God, in thy might forgive my sins, the great and the small, that I have done from the day I was born till this day that I am smitten so grievously. Thou didst raise Lazarus from the dead, and didst deliver Daniel from the lions: save my soul, in peril for the sins that I have done. He lifts his right glove to God: and Gabriel takes it with his holy hand. Then Roland's head falls on his arms; he joins his hands: his days are ended. God sends his angels and cherubim, holy Raphael, holy Michael of the Peril, and holy Gabriel with them: and they carry the count's soul into paradise.'

VIII

At this point it is necessary (unless our article is to crowd everything else out of the *Magazine*), to give up this direct abridgement of the poem, and to content ourselves with a brief description of the rest. Though Roland is dead, we are only half way through the poem: like a Greek tragedy (or *Julius Cæsar*) the Song of Roland does not end with the death of the hero. The poet has still to tell how Roland was buried and how he was avenged. First the paynims must be punished: and since the forces of Marsila are scattered, he introduces an entirely new army, brought over the sea by the Emir of Babylon: and Charles destroys it. Then the Franks return to Aix, and there the trial of Ganelon, and his execution, are described with a loving lavishness of detail.

We shall give only a few abridged renderings from here and there.

When Charles reaches Roncesvalles, and sees what has happened, he pursues the remnant of Marsila's host; night is falling, but at Charles's prayer, by a miracle, the sun stands still and the work of destruction is completed.

'The night is clear, the moon is bright. Charles sleeps; but his grief for Roland is heavy on him, and his grief for Oliver, and the

twelve peers, and all the Franks that he has left dead and bloody at Roncesvalles. He cannot but weep; and he prays God to save their souls. For his great grief he is weary; but at last he sleeps, and the Franks sleep in the meadows round him. Not a horse can stand: those that eat grass eat it as they lie. How much a man learns when he makes the acquaintance of grief!'

Next day Charles returned to Roncesvalles.

'And Charles said to the Franks, Lords, go slowly. I must go alone before you, for I would find the body of my nephew. I was at Aix once, on a solemn feast-day, and my valiant bachelors were boasting of their battles and mighty deeds; and I heard Roland say, that if ever he died in an enemy's land, he would die in the forefront of his peers, and his head would be turned towards the enemy, because he had died as a valiant baron and as a conqueror. Then Charles went before the others, as far as a man may cast a club. As he went, he saw that the meadows, grass and flowers, were red with the blood of our barons: he could not but weep. At last he came to the hill beneath the trees. He saw the three stones that Roland had cleft with his sword; and on the green grass he saw his nephew lying: it is no wonder that Charles was sorrowful. He alighted from his horse, and went running swiftly: he took the count in his two arms and swooned over him, so great was his anguish.

'When the Emperor recovered from his swoon, Duke Naimon, Count Acelin, Geoffrey of Anjou and his brother Thierry took him and set him against a pine-tree. He looked on the ground, and saw his nephew lying there. Roland's face was white, and his eyes were turned inwards, and dark; but he had a gallant air still. Charles plucked his white beard; and a hundred thousand Franks were so sorrowful that every one of them wept hot tears. And the king began to mourn for Roland, in loyalty and love.'

Then the dead were shriven and blessed, for 'there were many bishops and abbots in the army, monks, canons, and tonsured priests'; and the bodies were buried, all but those of Roland and Oliver and Turpin, which were embalmed and put on carts to be carried to Blaye.

Meanwhile Baligant, 'the old Emir of Babylon who lived from the times of Virgil and Homer,' was arriving from Alexandria, and was already sailing up the Ebro to Saragossa, with an enormous army. When he heard of Marsila's disaster he marched on swiftly with all his men, and came to Roncesvalles as Charles was making ready to depart. There were ten armies on the side of Charles, and Baligant commanded thirty—'so says the Geste of the Franks.' The paynims fought fiercely,—'the men of Occiant neighing like horses, those of Argoilles baying like hounds,'—but in single combat Charles killed Baligant,

'with one blow splitting his face as far as the white beard,' and before night fell the paynims were scattered. The Franks took possession of Saragossa.

'The day passes, and now it is night. The moon is bright, and the stars are shining. The Emperor has taken Saragossa. By his orders a thousand Franks go through the town, the synagogues and mahummeries; with great blows of a club they shatter Mahummet, and all the images and idols, so that no falsehood is left. It is thus that the Emperor serves God. Then the bishops bless the water, and lead the paynims to baptism; and if any one refuses baptism, he is hanged, slain, or burnt. More than a hundred thousand are baptised true Christians. But the queen is not baptised: she is led captive into sweet France, for the Emperor would convert her by love.'

So the Franks returned to Aix, burying their three heroes at Blaye on the way.

'As Charles went up to his palace and into the great hall, the fair lady Alda came to him, and said, Where is Captain Roland, that swore to take me for wife? Charles was exceedingly sorrowful; he wept, and tore his white beard; and he said, Sister, dear friend, thou askest news of a dead man. But I will give thee another husband for Roland. I will give thee the best man that I can, my own son Louis, who will hold my marches after me. But Alda answered, These are strange words. God, and his saints, and his angels, forbid that I should live when Roland is dead! She loses her colour, she falls at the king's feet, dead. May God have mercy on her soul!'

Then began the trial of Ganelon. Ganelon did not deny that he had encompassed Roland's death; he claimed that Roland had cheated him in some money-matter, so that he had the right to avenge himself. Pinabel of Sorance, his cousin, came forward as his champion, and thirty of his house offered themselves as hostages. Thierry gave it as his judgement that Ganelon should be hanged, and his body thrown to the dogs. The matter was committed to the arbitrament of trial by combat. It is a great fight: both strike so hard that the sparks fly till the dry grass is set on fire. At last 'Pinabel's brains are scattered on the grass, and he is dead.' The thirty hostages are all hanged on the cursed tree. As for Ganelon, 'They brought four stallions, and tied him to them hand and foot. The horses were high-mettled. Four sergeants showed them a mare in the midst of a field. Thus Ganelon was sent to perdition.'

Lastly the queen Bramimonde was baptised of her own free will at the baths at Aix, taking the name Juliana.

The final stanza must be translated in full:—

'Now the Emperor has done justice, and assuaged his anger, and made Bramimonde Christian. The day passes and the dark night

comes. As the king sleeps in his vaulted chamber, St. Gabriel comes to him, sent by God, and says, Charles, summon the hosts of thine Empire, and go with all thy might to the land of Bire, to succour King Vivian in Imphe, the city where the paynims besiege him, and where the Christians in their affliction pray for thee. The Emperor does not wish to go. God, he says, how hard my life is! He weeps, and plucks his white beard.

THE END.'

J. R. M.

Miscellany

The End

I have loved as I might
With the rain and the sun,
But the coldness of night
Has not yet begun.

When the light of my love
On this Earth no more shines,
What is here or above
That my soul confines?

And I'll go to the realm
Of great stillness and peace,
Where no tears overwhelm
Great love's quick decease.

You Held My Hand

You held my hand, I need not tell
What joy there was in pressing.
We may not meet, but in farewell
You held my hand; I need not tell
What joyous hopes within me swell,
With you my hand caressing!
You held my hand; I need not tell
What joy there was in pressing.

L. C. RICHARD,
Senior Post-graduate, English.

The Mother-in-Law

I suspect it to be a law of Nature that a woman and her daughter-in-law should never agree. The relationship seems to be so odious, and whether the old women are aggressive or the young girls offensive, the disagreement is so universal. To place the one in an amiable light will be the other's death. Any house is bound to lose half its liveliness and all its noisiness when either of the women is absent.

The cruelty of the mother-in-law has become a proverbial scandal. A widow in that capacity happens to be more haughty and disagreeable.

These hoody crones, aged sixty and above (yet 'not out'), only survive that they may criticise (and that most uncharitably). If you go to the riverside in the evening, you are sure to find a mother-in-law there industriously broadcasting, to about 25 colleagues (in several versions of varied exaggerated values) all the latest 'crimes' of her daughter-in-law.

The traditional mother-in-law was so much conceited about privileges that she called back a beggar who was already refused alms by her daughter-in-law, only to refuse him again herself. Another virago insisted upon her daughter-in-law prostrating before her thrice a day in obeisance (as if she were some notorious deity). And seeing that she was ungrudgingly obeyed, in despair, proceeded to condemn her for punctuality. I have known a Neroine (a counterpart, I presume, to the Roman Emperor who did so much credit to the male sex) who actually branded her son's wife with a red-hot iron when detected idle in the kitchen.

The story of a blind lady, popular in our neighbourhood, is illuminating. Some time back, there lived an old woman. She decidedly disliked the bride proposed to her son. The marriage nevertheless took place, many such marriages take place. Since the two women had to live together, perennial wrangling logically followed. Hatred was a sort of constitutional malady with the old woman, so that she felt sick and indisposed when her daughter-in-law had not been beaten for some days. Her bad temper and assumed sense of wrong alike were aggravated by a mortifying infirmity, blindness. At regular (short) intervals she pulled a sulky face and appeared more disagreeable than ever. When her son returned from business, she lamented (commanding a timely Nile of tears), 'Those who do not complain are not cared for. But the fact and the pity is that I am overruled by your sweetheart. You are not grateful.' And then she cited some concocted abuses she (never) suffered from. The son lost his temper too soon and rushed with a broomstick in and out of the several apartments in the house, chastising the miscreant. When the blind woman heard some substantial sounds, she managed, on such occasions, to bring some neighbour on the scene to ascertain from him later whether her son had actually beaten his wife or only a pillar after all!

It also seems that she later persuaded her son that his wife was possessed, after which intelligence the son earnestly took to beating his wife regularly, a ceremonial method of cure advised by the neighbours.

P. KRISHNAMURTI,

Class IV, Group 3.

The Library

Modern conditions have changed almost everything. It is not infrequently that you are shocked by coming across a thing entirely different from what you had imagined it to be. I have had such an experience.

From what I had heard and read, I had imagined a library to be a place where there were a large number of books and periodicals; where you could read and take shelter from the turmoils of the world; where you could sit down with a sigh of relief and peruse 'Punch' with a smile; or take a doze, if you felt inclined that way, behind some large newspaper, say the 'Times'.

In short I had imagined a library to be a place where silence reigned supreme, and where you were liable to be prosecuted under an International Library Penal Code if you dared talk but in whispers.

But—alas! how different was my experience! I found that I had to change my views about the library—change them completely, radically. You can get any book or periodical there, but the one you want—it is always somebody else who has taken it.

You can do anything in the library but read and take rest—the students see to that. I found it to be a sort of clubhouse where you can chat, laugh, discuss the newest films and practise the newest song hits. You can even try out the latest dance step if one of your friends agrees to accompany you by hammering on a table or stamping on the floor.

To be noisy in the hall is getting out of fashion, for nobody asks you not to do so. Attempts to substitute the corridors for the hall have been given up, because when you are busy giving your friends a performance by imitating something or somebody, a professor cranes his neck out of some door and gives you a message to the effect that he is 'surprised at you'. Sometimes he may even go so far as to use some very unprofessorial language. If you have the nerve to pretend that you are not aware of his existence and go on with the performance, you are, in all probability, given a pleasant little surprise.

So, as I pointed out before, the hall having gone out of fashion and the attempt to substitute the corridors and verandahs for the hall having met with a signal failure, the library is now the rage—

You go to the library with the intention of doing some work or reading something, and settle down on a bench. Presently come two or three students hotly discussing the relative merits of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. One of them seats himself on the table and begins to lecture to the others. The librarian is heard saying 'Silence, gentlemen'. The self-installed lecturer pauses for a moment, looks

towards the librarian as if saying ' Bother the man', and goes on with his lecture.

Another cinema 'fan' comes in and after taking his seat near you begins to sing something through his nose. Still another comes in, and in the attempt to find something suitable to read, throws about the periodicals in all directions. After knocking against you once or twice, he mutters 'sorry' and trots away.

Then the bell rings and the students march out of the adjoining classes in double file, singing in a chorus. This is the last straw.

By this time you have lost your temper; you are in a boiling rage at having been cheated out of something—at having been told that this maelstrom or inferno is a library! You feel like one mad. You want to shout at people (and tell them what you think of them), tear up the periodicals, break the almirahs, upset the chairs and tables, and last of all, fling yourself out from a tower-room window.

And still, you are told 'one has to put up with things in life'.

PURNANANDA,
Class IV.

My Bit of Luck

Only last week did the great thing happen! They brought me the news that the great prize was mine. Ten lakhs *or so* dumped into my lap by an inscrutable Providence. I remained calm and slightly introspective.

I remember I thought of the gin and tonic I had wanted for a week. Now that I could have a barrel, I felt that I didn't want it at all. Curious! I sat still meditating on all the good that I could do and the distress I could relieve.

My wife—you may have seen her on the beach—she on the contrary was bounding about the room like a rubber ball.

'Gowns from Paris—a flat in New York'—All these things she shouted out to me as she bounded round and round.

'Sit still, Anne,' said I, 'listen to me. We are the guardians of a great trust. We must seek out the deserving.'

'That's us,' she shouted.

My wife has curious grammatical lapses when under the influence of a great excitement. It is only then that you observe the muscles on the face contracting and settling down as definite organs.

'Listen, Anne,' said I very seriously, 'wealth is a great responsibility. We must try to help others.'

'A fat lot anybody has ever done for us,' said she. 'Anyway,' she went on, 'I have the first claim. You took me from a comfortable—happy home . . . . .'

'Tut, tut, Anne!' said I, 'there were five of you in three rooms.'

'There were three of us in five rooms,' replied Anne vehemently.

'I won't argue,' said I, 'but I remember quite distinctly your father saying to me with tears in his eyes, Bless you, bless you, my boy, you have relieved us of a great anxiety.'

'Hum,' she snorted, 'do you remember when you used to look at me and say—My beautiful, my beautiful . . . . .'

'Don't,' I pleaded, 'I can't bear it.'

'Well,' she went on, 'my case is not charity. For fifteen years I have hovered round you like a ministering angel. My soothing hand has been on your brow . . . . .'

'Yes,' said I, 'I remember once it left a nice big bruise. Anyway, will two lakhs be enough?'

'Thank you,' said she, 'I will bring your cheque book.'

I wrote out the cheque, and a moment later I heard her telling my youngest son (number fifteen) to bring three taxis.

Then came in her mother. I never did like her mother. She used to walk about our apartments sniffing audibly and when in courtesy I offered her my kerchief, she took great offence. However, there she stood, like a Boadicea, with a fat smile all over her face.

'Dickie, Dickie,' said she effusively—I do wish she wouldn't say that; it always sounds as if I were a bird.

'Well, Ma,' said I, loftily yet politely. I hold that a man should never forget himself—not even with his mother-in-law.

'Dear old Dickie,' said she again, 'you deserve your luck if ever a man did. You have been a noble soul striving in an honest upright fashion to be a . . . . .'

'Lance-Corporal,' said I. I wouldn't have said that. But then I remembered my class monitor, John A—, the good old fellow. He was a U. T. C. Wallah.

She blinked at me for a moment and then laid her fat hand on my cheek. I don't know how it is, but whenever I see those fingers I always think of pork sausages.

'I should like you to think,' said she, 'that you had soothed the twilight of my existence.'

I am a practical man. I was now a wealthy one.

'Look here, Ma,' said I, 'I'll give you a first-class passage and half a lakh, conditionally that you take the first boat to . . . . '

'Hell, if you like,' said Ma. 'Half a lakh, spot cash, and make your own conditions, provided it isn't Ireland or Iceland.'

I was clear of my wife and her mother for two and a half lakhs—cheap.

During the day a constant succession of visitors filed in. I was having more interviews than the Viceroy. Business men with projects to be financed, men contemplating suicide, men who contemplated the complete destruction of their wives and families after which they proposed to go out to Saidapet, and having selected a spot where the railway lines were clean—they proposed to let a passing train do the rest. Two fellows came under this classification but I am rather doubtful about one of them because he too, is doubtful about completing the latter portion of the project.

Altogether it was a most interesting day.

The interviews saddened me. They were, I felt sure, not genuine cases—and then I decided what I'd do. I would go out and search for the distress I was so genuinely anxious to relieve like that millionaire in Marie Corelli's *Treasures of Heaven.* I strolled down Mount Road and entered Bosotto's. I sat there moodily for some time until a khitmatgar came and I ordered the gin and tonic I had been wanting for a whole week. I was apparently alone in the lounge, but as I turned my head I saw at the next table such a sweet young face gazing at me with appealing eyes. Beauty, too, was in distress. I begged permission to sit at her table. We conversed on indifferent topics for a time, and then I said, 'You have a troubled mind.'

She assented softly with a shy bending of the head.

'Tell me,' said I, 'and I might be able to make you happy once again.'

'Thank you,' she murmured, 'but not here. Take me to your place.'

It seemed reasonable that the poor child did not want to confide in me in such a public place, so we strolled out and hailed a taxi.

On the way she trustfully placed her little hand in mine and I reassured her by a gentle pressure.

'Fear not,' said I, 'I have money enough to right a wrong.'

She placed both her hands in mine and snuggled up beside me. Poor, dear, lonely heart—she had at last found some sort of anchor in her sea of troubles.

And so we went home. I begged her to make herself comfortable, so she took off her hat and sat down close to me on the sofa and began her sad story.

She clung to me and kissed me and told me that hereafter she felt that life wouldn't be hard. Poor dear, I kissed those sad lips—those sad eyes, and then—and then—I felt as if some one in the distance were tugging hard at my hair. I seemed to close my eyes, and open them. There was my wife standing over the bed. 'When,' I heard her say in her hard metallic voice, 'When you have done kissing

those pillows, you'll get up and explain to the mob outside that you haven't yet drawn your pay.'

M. GOPAL RAO,
III Honours, Literature.

'Talkies' and 'Talkers.'

'His face had so worried a look that we couldn't help being interested in him,' John said. We were discussing theatres and films in general and the audience in particular.

'We watched his face expectantly,' he continued. 'He dropped into a seat between us. Suddenly he turned to me. "Do you talk English?" "Why—yes!" I blurted out, too surprised to say anything else. "And you?" "Thank Heaven," he exclaimed and settled back into his seat.'

We laughed. 'Perhaps he took you for up-country fellows,' Krishnan said, looking at the clumsy tie knot at John's throat.

Sarcasm was always wasted on John. He simply couldn't be rattled. He only smiled and shook his head.

'Perhaps he couldn't follow the show and wanted you——' I left off without finishing as John shook his head again.

Krishnan had never admitted defeat in anything. He had another brilliant idea.

'Something wrong here?' he suggested, touching his forehead significantly.

John burst into a loud laugh. 'No, my dear Krishnan, not that. You fellows can never guess. Frankly we too thought he was a bit of a crank until he volunteered to explain his eccentric behaviour. It didn't occur to us to ask him for an explanation. It seems the last time he went to the theatre he had the worst set of people by his side. He couldn't follow the film for a single moment. One of them had thrust his unwelcome comments on the poor man. "It was a kind of *Kalakshepam*,"—yes, these are his very words—"it was a kind of *Kalakshepam* from the beginning to the end and my money was simply wasted." '

I am sure I would have laughed outright if I had been there in the theatre. But still my sympathies go with him. I wonder how many had the bitter experience of finding one half of the house busy explaining and discussing the story (if there is a story at all) to the other half when they were expecting a quiet enjoyment of the show after the buffetings and knocks before the booking-office counter. Perhaps a great many. For my part I had been always one of the unwilling listeners.

Of course there is a necessity of explanations and translations in the case of some who are illiterate and cannot follow the trend of the story. But I think these could be carried on in a perfectly tolerable way. Who could tolerate them when every self-appointed guide thinks that he is talking for the benefit of the whole house excluding, of course, himself?

Some cannot enjoy a show with a quiet tongue. They *must* indulge in loud comments and criticisms; and invariably they force you to listen to their clever criticisms (at least they think so) whether you will or not. One often finds sketches in comic papers of bowing attendants whispering politely to the too loquacious ones, 'If you please sir, not so loud,' with an unspoken threat that one would be thrown out with the least ceremony if he refused to mend. I wish such attendants were much in service in our theatres, and in good numbers too.

The 'Talkies' have been introduced into this country since a long time. But we have not yet learnt the etiquette of receiving them. We have not yet attained the 'Talkie Habit'. So many shows have been marred from the point of view of the audience, or at least a good part of it, by the demonstrations of the audience themselves. Cheering heroes and heroines is not pleasant where 'Talkies' are concerned. It is difficult enough to follow the dialogue without the interruptions of this kind. Applause doesn't do any harm when a 'silent' film is on as long as you don't raise your hat aloft to cheer the 'stars'! It is quite good manners to applaud actors on the stage. Applause is a craze. Any one would like to start off cheering at the slenderest chance. Some theatrical people take advantage of this craze to keep the audience in good humour. I remember on one occasion a certain company of actors gave so poor a performance that the audience were in a very bad humour and up to any mischief. One of the door-attendants realised this and with great presence of mind began to clap his hands vigorously. Instantly the audience took up the made-up applause. One of them suddenly realised that they were doing a ridiculous thing—and he laughed. The laughter spread over the house and once again good humour prevailed. During the interval the manager of the company appeared and thanked the audience with great solemnity for the wonderful reception accorded to his company!

As I said before such demonstrations are very unpleasant. Moreover they are not worth while. The actors on the stage may wait for your demonstrations to subside (even that is doubtful) but on the screen they will not. There is none to appreciate your applause. The other day I went to see (and hear, according to my original programme) Eddie Cantor in 'Palmy Days.' The people were so boisterous in their appreciation of Eddie's performance that we could

not hear but had to guess most of what he said. Some of them could not really control their mirth but most of them were only trying to show that they could follow and enjoy the dialogue which was very pithy according to newspaper reviews. After some time I gave up the game of guessing and watched the show saying to myself firmly, 'Now I shall suppose it is a "silent"'. I cleared out as soon as I could. I bought a newspaper and glancing through it I came upon a review of 'Palmy Days'. Then it occurred to me that the dialogue must have been very pithy indeed.

S. N.,
Class III.

'Ideals'

'Sit down, Chandran. Now, don't make a fuss. Come on, sit down,' said Jayaram almost pushing him into a chair.

'Thanks. How d'you do?' said Chandran seating himself comfortably.

'So, so,' replied Jayaram.

There was an awkward pause.

'Where's the mem-sahib?' asked Chandran facetiously. He was feeling a trifle uncomfortable, almost nervous. And he tried to hide it, and fight it down.

'She's busy inside. I'll go and ——.'

'No, no. Don't worry.'

Again that awkward pause.

'I say, Chandran, you needn't be so silent.'

'I somehow feel so strange. Probably it's because you're a married man now. There's something——.'

'It's only in your thinking. I'm just the same as ever.'

'Yes, yes,' was the hasty reply.

Chandran looked about the room. His old friend's study was the same as before. 'You haven't lost your craze for pictures,' he said for want of something better to say. 'I'd have thought you'd have removed that picture,' his eyes resting on a picture of Marion Davies.

'Why, what's wrong with it?' asked Jayaram.

'Looks odd in a married man's room.'

'Don't be silly. What's odd?'

'It's rather attractive. Isn't it?'

'Of course, it is. Whoever——.'

'That's why I say it's out of place here.'

'Do you mean to say I mustn't have an attractive picture because I'm married?'

'Exactly. It is safe policy.'

'Ah, you're as crude and narrow-minded as my wife. It's not just an attractive picture—a lovely face—a graceful pose. It's the symbol of beauty. I was an idealist and beauty-worshipper before I married. And I'm so now. This picture as it were keeps up my idealism and my worship of all that's good and beautiful. Don't you think 'tis worth while to keep up one's zest for and belief in all that's good and beautiful in life?'

'But do you consider how much it'd hurt your wife? She'd just feel as she were thrown into the background. And she'd be unhappy, though she may not show it. Is it worth while making your partner for life miserable just because of your "high-hat" stuff?'

'Why should she feel hurt? Why should she be miserable? I don't love her the less because of my idealism. Do I?'

'It's all right for you. You puff yourself up with your ideals. But you must have some consideration for the feelings of others who've not your ideals to puff themselves up with. You must have some sympathy for the prejudices and weaknesses of others.'

'My ideals are not mine alone. Everybody can have them—and should have them. As for the prejudices and weaknesses, they are petty and narrow; I shall never tolerate them.'

'That's all right, my dear man. But why don't you keep that all in your own heart? Why should you make such a show of it? It's one thing having opinions, and another thing thrusting them aggressively into other people's faces.'

'Why should I hide them—as if I were ashamed of them, or afraid of showing them to the world?'

'You're a big———. I wonder what your wife makes of it all!'

'That's a sore point between us. She's so obstinately set against it. Ah, here she's coming.'

Jayaram beamed with pleasure and pride as he introduced his old college friend to his wife.

She looked almost like a school-girl; but there was something firm about the set of her nose and mouth. Her hair was plaited. She walked with the boldness of a newly married woman, but with all the charm and coyness of an erstwhile virgin. This mixture of the essential feminine, and the decided air of her nose and mouth, did not go well together. It baffled conclusions as to her real nature.

'I'm curious to know,' began Chandran, when they had seated themselves, 'what you think of that picture?' and pointed it out to her.

'Oh. My husband's been telling you all about my petty, narrow-minded prejudice against it. Has he? But now I've fought down all that. I really don't see why it should be objected to, if that's what you mean.'

Her husband looked at her with distrustful surprise. 'Why,

you've———.' He broke off suddenly, and his face was illuminated by a broad smile. It glowed with self-conceit as he said: 'I'm so glad you've changed. I was sure you would.'

'I'm really surprised that you should change your views,' cut in Chandran with something of vehemence. 'What made you come round to his point of view?'

'You see, it's like this. At first I did protest. And I've to admit it was due to a tinge of petty jealousy in me———.'

'Just like a woman,' interrupted Jayaram, smiling again.

'I thought it over,' she continued, 'and realized that my husband was right after all. We all start with ideals, and some shreds of it must be left over to patch up the ends of our lives.

'You see, I too idealized somebody. Not a film hero but a real young man. He was very handsome and fine. He appeared to me to be very refined, and noble and cultured. I met him only once—at a wedding. We didn't exchange a word though. No, not even a look. But I cherish his image in my heart. He stands for all that is noble and true and great in man—of course, he may not be anything of these. He may be just the reverse. He may be a petty, shallow creature—a hypocrite, or milksop. But the thing is—to me he is the symbol of all that's beautiful and sublime in life. That doesn't in any way imply that I love my husband the less (turning towards her husband with a bewitching smile). In you, my dear, I've realized my ideals, even if only to a very limited extent. You are all that's great and beautiful in man. But I still hug my ideals, because it's sweet to, though I'm conscious of the fruitlessness of it all.'

'What a startling disclosure!' thought Chandran to himself. But her mouth—he could not get away from the odd twitch of it during her confession. He looked at his friend. Jayaram had a distant look in his eyes.

'Here's your principle of beauty, Jayaram, only more intimate and closer to one's soul,' he said.

'Ah. Yes, yes,' answered Jayaram absently, oblivious of his wife's eyes fixed quizzically on him, and the odd twitch of her mouth. He was touched to the quick. It was borne in upon him that to this woman who was his wife he had not the freshness and charm of a Ferdinand. He was miserable. He felt hollow somewhere. He thought it was cruel and inconsiderate of his wife to speak out in such a way. He wished she'd not spoken. Why should she speak out like this—and before his friend!

Chandran was speaking again: 'You see, Jayaram, the zest for and the belief in all that's good and beautiful in life is fresh and vital in both of you, and will ever be. This idealism in both of you must draw you closer together.'

This was the last straw. To be taken in like this, and before his friend—to be made a fool of. His anger was mounting. He was firmly convinced his wife had no business to idealise. Then again he thought of the tender heart of his wife. Her charm, her sweetness, her gentleness. The first shower had not come since their marriage and he was in no hurry to usher it in. Especially so, in the presence of his friend. With a sudden impulse he threw the whole blame on that cursed picture. 'Why all this bother and nonsense about a picture?' he said, startling the others by the unexpectedness of his intention, and the heat of his manner, 'I'll remove it.' And he dragged a chair towards the wall and leaping on to it seized the picture.

'Darling, what are you doing!' cried Mrs. Jayaram.

'Now, now, don't lose your temper,' cried Chandran, advancing towards him. Jayaram turned round to answer them. There was a crash!

* * *

On his way home Chandran perplexed his mind on some aspects of the little drama in which he had taken part just a while before. Did Jayaram purposely break that picture? Or did it slip down and break by accident? One could not say. It appeared very much like being purposely done. He was in such a rage. But then he need not have looked at the shattered picture with such stupid, vacant surprise. And why did Mrs. Jayaram twitch her mouth so oddly again and again? Was her confession a real one, or was it a made up story? One could not tell.

On Exits

Gladstone once said that he would like to die in church, though not at a time to disturb the service. This is a noble end to a noble life. But not every one would like to die in church. Indeed many of us must be content if we end in our beds, and do not make our 'exits' in the street by the courtesy of autos!

To sleep peacefully on earth and awake in heaven is given to few. 'To cease upon the midnight with no pain' is the devout prayer, not of Keats alone but of every human soul who dreads the agony of death and the dissolution of the elements. A younger son of a family used to pray aloud before turning in that he should awake in Heaven; until the other brothers could not bear it any longer. So one night they carried him, bed and all, into the poultry yard and left him there. What angels did not flutter in his dreams? The cock's 'shrill clarion' was like the blast of Doomsday to which he woke up and beheld his 'feathery surroundings'.

Some there are to whom this 'exit' is a struggle for entry. There is Browning who would give up his ghost, like his ticket, only after a struggle at the theatre gates. He would hate that death bandaged his eyes and made him creep past like a coward. He would bear the brunt of battle like the heroes of old.

Such heroic yet violent exits as falling on one's sword or bleeding to death are things of the past. These are days when KCN solution is like nectar of the gods and the electric chair Elijah's chariot to heaven.

Speaking of picturesque exits reminds me of earthquakes and great floods. It gives one courage to die, as on a battlefield, when others will bear one company. I am for 'exeunt omnes'. By the very exigency of the situation you can even atone for an ignoble life by a recklessness of self. The dissolute Prince in Rossetti's 'White Ship' endeavoured to save his sister's life, when the ship was sinking, at the risk of his own. He failed, but by that gesture of grace he was placed among the heroes.

Howsoever be the manner of entry, the exit must always be made without loss of dignity. Exits ever live in the memory of men and if notables are chronicled in the history of the times, who knows how Sir Philip Sidney was born? What rogues and ragamuffins fallen in the war have not their names glorified by poets, painters and sculptors!

L. C. RICHARD,
Senior Post-graduate (English).

My College Days—A Reminiscence

My college days, my college days! Were I
To see those joyous days, when Byron's terse
And stirring lays on my dropless heartlet dry
Poured ideal rain and sowed the seeds of verse!

What Einstein's Theory was, I knew it not;
What Newton's Law, what Darwin's Doctrine taught,
What acids were, what bases meant or what
Meant gas, or what to do when cold was caught!

I never racked my brains o'er problems deep,
Nor grappled oft with knotty theorems I,
Nor methods taught would I in memory keep.
I loathed the log, the sine, and *X* and *Y*.

Ne'er pondered I on history's distant date ;
Nor read where John his Magna Charta signed,
Nor yet why poor Charles met his piteous fate ;
Nor knew how sore the lovesick Bluebeard pined.

My college days, my college days ! Were I
To see those joyous days, when Byron's terse
And stirring lays on my dropless heartlet dry
Poured ideal rain and sowed the seeds of verse !

C. M. VAIRAVELU,
Class I, Group I B.

From the Old English

Unchartered darkness.
Whips of rain,
whining under the battle-rush of storms,
rain buffeting the flake-falling snow.
Storm . . . hail . . . rain.
The darkness of birth.
The darkness of death.

The king is banqueting,
drinking and eating
with his nobles and aldormen.
The Hall is quivering
with the yellow warmth
of brand-kindled fire :
echoes of laughter resounding,
blurred
by the shivering hot air
in the Hall.

A sparrow, tiny . . .
fluffed out,
drenched with water,
unpreened,
shaking its tiny wings, weighted with snow,
darts into the Hall,
trembling with warmth,
the concord of human voices,
flushed with the mellow orange of the wood-fire :

. . . Through one door in,
Out through the other . . .

Back again into
the chaos of darkness
riddled with shafts of rain,
with stones of hail,
with swirling storm of snow.

Life . . .
The twinkling of an eye,
The swift transit through the
Hall of warmth.

M. S. MENON,
English Honours V.

Books Old and New

I

Faraway. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann. *10 s. 6 d.*)

Uncle Baldwin confides to his nephew William Dursley the secret of the existence of a rich deposit of pitchblende on a rocky island yet uncharted in the South Seas. Pitchblende yields radium and hence the island is worth a fortune. Uncle Baldwin had sent the longitude of the island to a Commander Ivybridge and the latitude to a P. T. Riley, San Francisco, and he wants William to act with them. William finds Ivybridge who introduces Ramsbottom. P. T. Riley turns out to be a girl, the daughter of the original Riley. The party reaches Tahiti from where the quest begins. The adventurers after some reverses reach the island, and actually find pitchblende. In the meanwhile another Commander Ivybridge, who had got the longitude first by mistake, uses his knowledge, and by guessing discovers part of the secret. He gets a concession from the Government of Chile to work the island. So our party is baulked. This is the story in Mr. Priestley's new novel 'Faraway'. He stretches this story to fill an enormous volume. The general tone of the book is languor, which is disastrous in a book of adventure. The impression is that of reading the diary of a middle-aged man who visits the South Seas—not the romantic paradise with 'stars and steel guitars and luscious lips as red as wine', but a faded one with its copra dealing, rum-punch drinking, jejune islands. The setting is there, but not the atmosphere. As for the adventurers themselves, the only one who lives is Ramsbottom. Terry is introduced as a lovable girl, but she slowly fades to a typical lifeless painted girl, the product of the century. Ramsbottom himself frequently tires us with his dialect English (which is faithfully reproduced throughout the book) and his epicurism. In fact all the characters seem to spend most of their time discussing and consuming foodstuffs and drinks. Apparently they have travelled all the way to get an idea of the respective merits of dinners in England and elsewhere. Mr. Priestley lets go the rein when he talks about oxtail soup, Yorkshire pudding, jugged hare, and champagne at Simpsons, or the 'fishy' food and rum punch of the islands. Another failing of his is Ivy. There is an Ivy Lodge and two Ivybridges. The coincidence of the Ivybridges is a little too hard to swallow. Both are retired Commanders of the Navy, and there are no Christian names to sort them out. With a thin story Mr. Priestley

achieved wonders in 'The Good Companions'. He repeated the experiment here and fails. For one thing the rollicking mirth and the delightful characters of the previous book are not met with here. The adventurers neither in themselves nor in their quest win sympathy. It is a book the length of which would certainly be felt. It is a mixture of 'Treasure Island' without the Captain Kidd stuff, and of 'Dialstone Lane' without its burlesque; with a suggestion of 'Omoo' or 'Typee' thrown in.

M. KESAVAN UNNI NAIR,
V Honours, English.

II

Golden Horn. By Francis Yeats-Brown. (Gollancz. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Following the successful reception of 'Bengal Lancer', Francis Yeats-Brown has this year given us another collection of adventures and impressions in his most recent work 'Golden Horn'. The revelation of the political intrigues in Turkey from 1908 until the end of the Great War, and the vivid reconstruction of such episodes as the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austro-Hungary, which proved so disastrous for Europe in the light of subsequent events, lend to the narrative a wider seriousness of interest than his earlier work possesses. His character study of the Red Sultan in the opening chapters certainly attracts us, but it is difficult to know exactly where to draw the line between fact and imagination, and we are just as interested in the psychology of the little slave girl who is dramatically made the recipient of much enlightening political information. This background, which has the appearance of reliable fact, sets the stage for the arrival of the author, who, as we remember from 'Bengal Lancer', was captured in the desert while attempting to cut the Turkish telegraph lines North-West of Baghdad. The remainder of the book is concerned with the story of his experiences as a prisoner of war and the intrigues and escapes in which he indulged for three years.

The whole is enlivened by a direct style, at times simple but never bald, humour, a fine sense of irony, and an eye for interesting detail. When an opportunity arises for the introduction of the grotesque, the candid and forthright quality of the narrative is sufficient. Yeats-Brown does not believe in circumlocution or euphemism. He delights in calling a spade a spade. His war experiences have left him little fastidiousness or squeamishness. He is not easily nauseated. He lingers with cheerful morbidity over his accounts of executions and

murders, probably because he knows that there is a taint of morbidity in us all, and if at times he descends to a journalistic sensationalism he will always have an eager audience for that sort of thing. 'Have I', he asks, 'been brutalised by my experiences, or awakened to a sense of realities? The reader must judge.' His attitude is on the whole critical and ironical, expressed in reminders, questions, and comparisons. We seem to be committed to one opinion and he calls us back with a feeling of kinship to another. In many a situation his sense of humour saves him. He loves to play the fool with his guards, refers, with his tongue in his cheek, to 'his Enormous Highness', and plays with oriental titles of that type. He even raises the street dogs of Constantinople to the quality of 'dramatis personæ', and takes a personal interest in, nay, almost develops an affection for, the bugs and fleas that share his various prisons. His humour and resource save him in many a desperate situation and his reactions to imprisonment provide us with an entertaining psychological study. His acquaintance with 'Yogi' helps him to forget the present so that he can say with Shelley, 'Half life is memory, the other half anticipation', so that after it is all over, unlike many others who have written of that terrible experience, he can say: 'Yet I am not disillusioned, I am only changed by the war.'

E. F. N.

III

The Essential Shakespeare. By J. Dover Wilson. (Cambridge University Press. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

As is well known this book was published on the opening day of the New Stratford Theatre. It is avowedly an endeavour to present in a nutshell the kind of man the author believed Shakespeare to have been.

The author starts with the idea of Keats: 'Shakespeare led a life of allegory: his works are the comments on it,' that is to say, great artists cannot separate their work from their lives. This is, of course, a reaction from the now popular theory of an impersonal playwright. Mr. Wilson is harking back to the Dowden-view. However the working out of this idea is fresh and original.

In the first place, Mr. Wilson pleads that Shakespeare was not a great minded person with reserved manners, but a social and handsome young man. The Droeshout engraving is 'a pudding faced effigy' (J. C. Squire) and its original, the bust in Stratford church, made by one Jannsen, is of equivocal merits, so then Mr. Wilson

wants to substitute as the authentic face the Grafton portrait of an unknown man, an exact contemporary of Shakespeare. It is now hung in the Rylands Library and possesses all the poetic charm of young Keats or Shelley.

The author then proceeds to illustrate the 'young mannishness' of Shakespeare in the comedies, mentioning in passing that the austere and Olympian picture of Shakespeare was chiefly due to the over-emphasis on the tragedies laid by Coleridge and his successors. In the fleshly poetry of 'Venus and Adonis', in the general passion for Beauty, in 'the parties of dashing young bucks' (Berowne, Longaville and Dumain; Mercutio, Romeo and Benvolio, etc.) in their quibble and jest, in their star-crossed love, the young Shakespeare stands well revealed.

The stability of Elizabeth's reign was due to balance. She was ever vacillating between war and peace, Protestantism and Catholicism, marriage and virginity. Mr. Wilson begins to trace this balance in Shakespeare's life and works. Though 'jocular, inclining him to festivity' (Fuller), Shakespeare was 'not a company keeper . . . he would not be debauched and if invited to, writ he was in pain'. Shakespeare always kept his head in practical affairs if not often in the writing of his plays. In the plays themselves this stability can be well observed in 'the tragic balance between truth and beauty, between inexorable judgement and divine compassion'. Mr. Wilson cites 'King Lear' in particular.

Mr. Wilson is a great stickler for the evolutionary theory of Shakespeare's mind and art. It can be proved by the vehemence with which he places 'Timon of Athens' (date unknown) after 'King Lear' in the chronological table. Thereby he renders superfluous the theory of sudden conversion (brought forth by E. K. Chambers) consequent upon a recovery from serious illness. Mr. Wilson argues that the horrible cursing of Timon is more in line with the ravings of Lear than with the lifting of the clouds in 'Antony and Cleopatra' or the ebbing tide of tragedy in 'Coriolanus'. The step to the Romances is undoubtedly now more easy and natural.

On the contrary we are curious to know why Shakespeare changed from Comedy to Tragedy and later on to Romance. Mr. Wilson believes it might have been due in part to the changing spirit of the times. For instance the dark comedies reflect the melancholy of the closing years of the century. Nevertheless they are his spiritual experience. But Mr. Wilson would never admit that Shakespeare catered to the changing fashions. He believes that 'things unattempted yet' had a great fascination for Shakespeare. And so, after writing the comedy of comedies, 'Twelfth Night', he turned to explore Tragedy. When he found he could go no higher than 'King Lear'

he once more looked about for new lands to conquer. There was Romance yet. He experimented, as usual, and at last succeeded in 'The Tempest', perfect in its reconciliation of families and forgiveness of sins.

Mr. Wilson disagrees with the popular view that Shakespeare's retirement from London in 1612 was due to illness or declining powers. He is of opinion that this resolution was taken in the midst of prosperity and power consequent upon an ever-repeated call from his first-love—the Stratford countryside. His daughter lived there and we can see the desire to go back growing in the Romances from Cymbeline onwards. Observe also the presence of innocent young girls, Marina, Imogen, Perdita and Miranda.

Shakespeare's plays throw interesting sidelights on his relations with his patrons. Mr. Wilson points out that Shakespeare first approached his patrons in the capacity of adviser, which part he played throughout. 'He offered them counsel only as a dramatist could—by holding the mirror up to nature.' When Essex sat in judgement over Dr. Lopez,—a Portuguese Jew suspected of treason,—Shakespeare pleaded for mercy through the words of Portia. When Essex was dilly-dallying before his departure for Ireland to put down Tyrone's rebellion, Shakespeare set a noble example before him in the character of Henry V. Essex failed in his attempt and Shakespeare wrote 'Hamlet' to show that a bundle of procrastination never won a crown. He wrote 'Troilus and Cressida' and ridiculed Achilles to whom Essex was compared. 'Diseases desperate grown by desperate appliances are relieved or not at all.' But Essex was not teachable.

The book contains short studies of Shylock, Falstaff and Hamlet; a vivid chapter on the Elizabethan pageant and the stage reflections of it in the plays. There are many commonplaces of Shakespearean criticism which one cannot possibly avoid. Nevertheless the book affords very delightful reading and forms a valuable addition to Raleigh's book in the E.M.L. series.

L. C. RICHARD,
Senior Post-graduate, English.

Some Old Boys

The Editor, ever since he took over the Magazine, has been brooding ineffectively over ways and means of bringing the Old Boys of the College into closer connexion with the Magazine, both as writers and as readers. He has thought, as a beginning, of asking a few Old Boys in various parts of the Presidency to write notes about themselves and any others whom they happen to know personally. It was both convenient and fitting that the first to be asked to do so should be C. F. Dwyer, for there are few Old Boys, old or young, who keep their grateful loyalty to their College so fresh and so strong. We are glad therefore that the first letter comes from him. We hope others may be moved to follow his good example.

MADRAS,
16th November, 1932.

My dear Sir,

With the middle of December, another session of the academic year will draw to its close and with it yet another number of the good old College Magazine will make its appearance. The urge to seize this opportunity of keeping the College authorities informed of some of the old students who have passed through its beloved portals is strong within me; and if I have succumbed to its compulsion, I should like to feel that my attempt may be but the prelude to more correspondence of this nature, pouring in for inclusion in subsequent numbers from other sons of the *Alma Mater.*

I have quite intentionally said 'some of the old students,' for to say anything else, would be presumption of the profoundest type. I will therefore confine myself to the years from 1923 onwards and endeavour to furnish particulars of my contemporaries as these occur to me.

Of the 1923–25 Intermediate batch, you will be pleased to learn that most of them have been able to find something to do. Allasundaram is at the moment taking a course in sanitary engineering and hopes to complete the same in March. He often pays me a visit during the lunch interval, and we spend a pleasant half-hour, recalling our many happy hours spent at College. Shashi Kant is very lucky in being able to work for a bank of no small importance in Madras, his services being requisitioned by the Hindustan Bank. Of this batch I am sure you will remember George Spitteler, Willie Bamford and Willie Middleton, all of them have done splendidly for themselves. Spitteler is now at Vellore in the capacity of Deputy Registrar of Co-operative Societies, while Bamford has joined the engineering

department of the M. S. M. and is stationed at Katpadi as a P. W. I. Nor has the Police department been neglected. Middleton has made quite an imposing Assistant Superintendent, and when I saw him last he was on a holiday at Madras.

Apart from this, old students will recall the long line of the Eling family from George to Jemmy. Four of the five are provided for, while James is at the moment finishing his B.A. course. George the eldest is working for Binny's at Bangalore. Arthur is in the Excise, Wally away in the North in the Foreign and Political Department, while St. John hopes to be an I.M.D. Officer in the none too distant future.

The 'noblest of professions' too has drawn from our lists; for here, prominent among the number, we have the Rev. D. W. Wolfenden, and Thomas Johnson. The former is Headmaster at Doveton-Corrie, and the latter is at Christ Church School where he hopes to be at the top very soon.

The higher life has also appealed to some of our excellent young men, for, of this number there is not only Rev. Wolfenden (already mentioned) but there are Revs. Ritchie and Demorias. Ritchie is in charge of the Seventh Day Adventists at Vepery, while Demo is curate of All Saints', Bangalore, and at the moment is very seriously weighing the question as to whether he should retain 'single blessedness' or choose 'dual happiness'. I think I can perceive the scales favouring the dual happiness side and will not be surprised to learn that very soon he will be single no more.

Most of my comrades will be pleased to know I am sure that I have secured a billet as Test Auditor on the M.S.M. This section forms one of the most important ones of the Audit Department. It is manned by six graduates and four of this number hail from our dear College.

I am sure most of the College men know of the wonderful scheme for building our new College at Tambaram. When the dream is realised we hope every one who can, will be present at the opening ceremony. We are all proud of our College, one of the finest in India, and with the facilities offered at Tambaram we hope that our dear *Alma Mater* will be one of the finest colleges not in India alone, but even in a very much larger sphere.

That this may be the will of God, and serve as a monument of education is the very fervent prayer of one whose fond heart owes to her kindly influence some of the best things in life, and he subscribes himself,

Your ever sincere old pupil,

C. F. DWYER.

The Hostels

Rungiah Chetty Hostel

The coming of the 29th of August brought with it feelings of grief and joy to the members of our hostel: grief, because our Superintendent, Mr. Manickam, was to be no more our Superintendent for the rest of the year; joy, because Mr. Martin was his successor. So on that day the members of our hostel were At Home to Mr. and Mrs. Manickam and Mr. Martin. After tea we assembled on the terrace under the canopy of heaven and had an open heart-to-heart talk.

We are very sorry that we are deprived of Mr. Manickam's guidance as the Superintendent although he has promised to do his best for us in other capacities. I assure him that our love and affection for him remain the same.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. Martin to our midst. He has won the affection of the members in a very short time. But we have a grievance against him and that is that he does not entertain us with his 'Monkey' song.

Dipavali has come and gone, and the selection Examination (which stood in the way of married members of the hostel—all of them being senior students—going and visiting, on the auspicious day, the one thing which makes them study and which though far away is the light that leads them) is also come and gone. But they took the earliest opportunity and packed off home and we hope that they will return with fresh energy for the hard work before them next term. One result of the selection Examination has become apparent—namely the light charges for this month are double the usual charges. This has happened in spite of Mrs. Hogg's advice of 7 hours' sleep a day.

We are very thankful to Mrs. Hogg for supplying us with various magazines and above all for the motherly care she takes of us. We are also very thankful to Dr. Meston for kindly supplying us with a very interesting monthly *Discovery*. Though he is far away, our love goes to him.

S. SITARAMAN,
Secretary.

14th November, 1932.

Caithness Hall

The hostel graduates' reception was celebrated on the 5th August, 1932. There were about six graduates present, besides four

who were absent. After dinner at 8 p.m., the members and the guests met on the terrace under the presidency of Mr. R. Janardhanam Naidu, Librarian, Connemara Public Library. The secretary welcomed the graduates. Mr. R. Janardhanam Naidu advised the graduates in a lucid speech after the method of an University Convocation address. After replies from the graduates the meeting finally dissolved.

Messrs. R. K. Kandaswamy and N. Narayana Menon, two graduates of our hostel, left for Manchester and Edinburgh to study textile engineering and forestry respectively.

The hostel day will be celebrated on the 3rd December, 1932 under the presidency of Dr. A. G. Hogg, Principal. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya's photo will be unveiled on the occasion.

In acknowledging ten shillings (Rs. 7/8/-) from Mr. R. K. Kandaswamy, our old member who is now in Manchester, for the hostel day, we offer our sincere thanks to him.

R. B. V. SUDARSANA VARMA,
Secretary.

Second Students' Home

From the commencement of the year, we have been spending our time joyfully. At first we were fifteen in number. As time wore on, it increased, and we are at present twenty-two. One of our new-comers, Mr. J. D. James, hails from the Federated Malay States. He is quite jovial and a bit of a philosopher too!

For various reasons we have decided to celebrate our Hostel-day this term, instead of in the third term, as we did in the previous years.

Last term we were unable to have the excursion to Mahabalipuram, for various reasons. This term we are going on an excursion to Ennore. A committee of three members has been elected to look after all things necessary. We hope to have a jolly time.

We have opened a 'Literary and Debating Society' this year. Mr. Ernest Thomas—our football champion—is re-elected as the Secretary of the Society, and Mr. Johnson—our ex-Secretary—is elected President. We hope to have a good number of meetings. All are welcome. The Christmas vacation is approaching; we wish everyone a jolly Christmas and a happy and prosperous Nineteen-thirty-three.

P. D. SIVASUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

The Students' Home

The last term ended with a change. Circumstances compelled our old Superintendent Mr. W. F. Kibble to shift to Rayapuram, and Mr. J. P. Manikkam, in spite of the fact that he had already to bear upon his shoulders the heavy responsibility of the wardenship of the Fenn Hostel, kindly agreed to be our Superintendent in his stead. It is indeed a deplorable fact that the members of our Home lost many cups of tea, delicious dishes and funny games, which they used to enjoy at the weekly 'At Homes' of Mrs. Kibble, but on the other hand we have gained in Mr. Manikkam fatherly affection and care equally well.

The new term began with the advent of a horde of 'New' mosquitoes, which played havoc amongst the members, and mercilessly drove away three of our happy family. This incident led to a proposal that every member be supplied with a Portable Mosquito-killing Apparatus, which consists of a small flat stone and a hammer. The process is to destroy them one by one, by first catching them, placing them on the flat stone, and then hammering at them, till they are fully dead.

Our dining hall is the most entertaining place in the hostel where you can chat, discuss the newest films, and practise the latest 'song-hits'. You may even try a new dance-step, if one of our friends keeps accompaniment by hammering with a tumbler on the floor. Recently, one of our members, in ecstasy of joy on hearing one of our Amateur Songsters break into Melody, began to attack his neighbour's plate.

Recently, our home started a monthly Magazine, *The Students' Home Magazine*. Two issues have been published as yet. The third is under publication. It has exhibited literary talents of many members. We hope it may continue to thrive and be successful.

Rumours have reached us that the members of our Hostel Mess-Committee are very indignant at their names not being published in the Magazine. Please Note :—Messrs. S. Santhanagopalan of Salem, V. Venkata Subba Rao, and P. S. S. S. Sarma.

In conclusion our home is getting on happily, with perfect harmony amongst us all, which is occasionally disturbed by slight disagreements, which only 'put some pep' into our daily life.

V. SATYANARAYANA,
Secretary.

Fenn Hostel

We came back from the holidays, some feeling homesick, some glad to be back within the old yellow-red walls. The homesick fraternity were recommended to go home for a week-end. None, however,

took this advice, though some compensated themselves by going home for Deepavali.

Another event worthy of notice is the marriage of one of our members, Mr. P. S. Sheikh Mathar, who was kind enough to give us all a treat in honour of the occasion. He was presented with a silver souvenir on behalf of the hostel.

The new term brought also a welcome addition to the hostel in the person of Mr. V. Brahmanandam, who has become the baby of the hostel. He claims to have increased eight pounds in weight since joining the hostel. Whether this is due to the diet of buttermilk and rice to which he confines himself, or to the salubrious climate of George Town is a matter for dispute. Anyway, the fact remains that he has increased in weight.

An excursion to Ennore was proposed and carried, but last month's dirty weather led to backsliding on the part of many, and the proposal was dropped. We hope to go this month.

T. SAMUEL RAJ,
Secretary.

College Park Hostel

In spite of its spacious accommodation, beautiful surroundings, and freedom from the contamination of the city air, the hostel attracted only a few members this year. But the admitted members were fortunate in that they were able to enjoy to the full the advantages of a hostel meant for at least three times their present strength, each being in possession of a room for himself. The election of the hostel committee was proceeded with in due course under the presidency of Dr. Theodore. But unfortunately the Secretary Mr. Advani had to resign his membership of the hostel quite recently, owing to domestic circumstances, and at present we are managing without a Secretary. It is expected that another Secretary will soon be elected. Owing to the smallness of our number it was feared by all of us that the light, water and mess charges would go up unusually high, but we are glad to say that by practice of severe economies we have successfully managed to keep the level of the expense to reasonable limits. The members are thankful to the College for consenting to run the hostel tennis court as one of the College courts, and although the rains are now making it practically impossible for us to use the court, we hope to fare better when the summer sets in. In spite of everything, the hostel has managed to survive as a happy group, full of life and fun.

K. M. C.

The Societies

English Honours Association

The following office-bearers were elected for the year :—

Mr. G. C. Martin	....	*President.*
,, M. S. Menon (Hons. 5)	....	*Vice-President.*
,, K. G. Bhaskeran (Hons. 4)	....	*Secretary.*
,, P. T. Achutha Menon (Hons. 5)		*Class representatives*
,, A. Srinivasa Rao (Hons. 4)		
,, Jayaraman (Hons. 3)		
,, L. C. Richard (P. G.'s)		

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by the Rev. Fr. L. D. Murphy, S.J., of Loyola College, Madras. The subject was 'Marlowe', and the address was most interesting.

Under the auspices of the Association, Mr. Walter Hunt (formerly of New South Wales University) gave some interesting recitals from Shakespeare.

The following papers were read by the members during ordinary meetings of the Association :—

Mr. M. S. Menon	'Modernist English Poetry'
,, Soundararajan	'Matthew Arnold'
,, P. T. Achutha Menon	'Old English Poetry'
,, M. Kesavanunni Nayar	'John Webster'

All the meetings were well attended.

K. G. BHASKERAN,
Secretary.

The Tamil Sangam

After some years of slumber, the 'Tamil Sangam' has awakened with fresh vigour and full of hopes, owing to the efforts of our president and the members.

In the General Body meetings held on the 8th of August and on the 18th of October, under our President Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B.A., the following office-bearers were elected for the current year.

Messrs.	Gopala Iyer	....	*Vice-President.*
	S. Sitaraman	....	*Secretary.*
	M. Sultan Mohideen	....	*Treasurer.*
	K. S. Janakiraman, Class IV		*Class representatives.*
	C. B. Koil Pillay, ,, III		
	R. Ramanujam, ,, II		
	Pakiriswamy, ,, I		

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Kandaswamy Mudaliar, Asst. Prof. of Tamil in Pachiappa's College, under the Presidency of Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B.A., on the 24th of August, the subject of the address being 'The characteristics of Manimekalai'.

Another lecture was delivered by Mr. J. K. Rajasekaran, M.A., on 'The present state of Tamil' on the 20th of October under the presidency of Mr. Gopala Iyer.

We request all the members to take more and more interest in the Association and to make it one of the best Associations of its kind. Our thanks are due to the President and the Vice-President for the interest and the care they take in the affairs of the Association and we hope to flourish day by day under their kind and wise guidance.

S. SITARAMAN,
14-11-'32. *Secretary.*

College Brotherhood (Social Service Section)

Hospital Visiting.—The work of the Social Service Section of the College Brotherhood was begun in right earnest this term. Passes were got from the General, Royapettah and Royapuram Hospitals and there were many applicants for the passes. But we had to disappoint some as the number of passes were insufficient. I request the disappointed members not to lose heart but to help us in some other branch. The visitors to the Hospitals are taking along with them the *Illustrated Weeklies* and *Magazines* to entertain the patients and they find the work very pleasant.

As the Mental Hospital bus is not in good order the authorities are not sending it every Friday as they used to do last year. However, on the 28th of October a party of students went there to give a variety entertainment to the patients. There were many items and the whole programme was a grand success. On the 12th of November another batch of students went to play a football match with the patients. They had a tough fight and I am glad to say that we won the match by 2 goals. We hope to go there again before the end of this term to give them a lantern lecture.

Chery Work.—Some students are interested in this branch and they are working very earnestly. Some along with Mr. Kibble are visiting the *cheries* in Royapuram. But yet I am sorry to say that the students are very few in this branch. More enthusiastic young men are required and in this connection I appeal to all students interested in this branch to come and help us.

The Dispensary attached to the Brotherhood has been removed to

the Second Students' Home, where it is located in a spacious room with electric lights. Daily we are having some patients and thanks to Mr. Mills, who is our doctor, the dispensary is working all right.

General.—The Sanitary Welfare League have got up a scheme to build model houses to house the poor of the city, and to carry out this scheme they want funds. So they have appealed to the various social service leagues in the city and we have donated Rs. 75 towards it.

It has been decided to have a variety entertainment under the auspices of the Brotherhood and arrangements are ahead for it. It is hoped to have it before the College closes for Christmas.

Lastly I appeal to all students of the College who are keen to do some service to humanity to come forward earnestly and help the members of the Social Service Section to carry on the work without a break.

R. C. SUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

The Philosophical Association

The Association has been able to do satisfactory work during the past few months. Soon after the election of office-bearers, the Committee met and decided to arrange meetings of such a nature as to give the members full scope to take part in almost all the meetings. Thanks to the valuable suggestion of Rev. A. G. Hogg, M.A., D.Litt., the President of the Association, it was further resolved to convene no inaugural meeting of ceremonial publicity; and thus no time was lost to hold an ordinary meeting.

A debate was conducted, under the presidentship of Rev. A. J. Boyd, M.A., in which more than half a dozen members took part. The second meeting was made more attractive than the first by electing a student to preside over the meeting. The members felt no restraint to have a free exchange of views and the discussion was very interesting and instructive.

It is regretted that the meetings, under present circumstances, could not be conducted at shorter intervals than a fortnight; nevertheless it is our earnest endeavour to arrange the meetings in future as frequently as possible and to realise the aim of the Association which is set forth in the motto, '*All our knowledge is ourselves to know.*'

K. S. RAMASWAMY,
Secretary.

15-11-'32

Karnataka Bhashabhivardhani Sangham

Though a bit late for its exordium, the Sangham has not been slack in its business. In its first meeting the following were unanimously elected as the office-bearers of the association:—

Vidwan K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T.	....	*President.*
P. P. Karumbayya (Class IV)	....	*Secretary.*
Govinda Kamath (Class II)	....	*Librarian.*

The next meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. T. Rajagopal Rao, B.A., L.T., when Pandit S. Srinivasachar of the Presidency College delivered the inaugural address.

The third meeting was presided over by Mr. U. Venkata Krishna Rao, B.A., (Hons.), when Vidwan K. Narasinga Rao spoke on 'Jainism in Kanarese Literature.' The association thus has had three meetings till now in its short career and hopes to give a good account of itself. Though it is a small family, its members are great enthusiasts in both their language and Sangham.

P. P. KARUMBAYYA,

4-11-'32 *Secretary.*

Natural History Society

The first meeting of the above society was held on 26th August with Mr. B. Bonnell, M.A., in the chair, for the election of the office-bearers.

The committee meeting on 29th August formulated the working scheme for the year and passed a resolution to throw open the membership to Intermediate Students and others belonging to groups other than Natural Science, which was approved by the general body which met on 10th October.

On 11th September, a happy group of 12 students led by the expert guide Mr. M. S. Sabhesan went on an excursion to the hill at Vandaloor to collect specimens of scientific importance. The party lost the way in getting down the hill but fortunately some of the adventurous 'Knights of the Round Table' among the party, defying the thorns of the prickly-pear, and chivalrously fighting the insects, and much to the satisfaction of the rest of the party, found out the way and the party returned safely.

On 18th October Dr. C. C. John, a distinguished old student of the College, delivered a lecture on 'Animal Fossils', with lantern slide demonstration.

The following are the office-bearers for the current year:—

Mr. M. S. Sabhesan	....	*President.*
„ A. M. Sambandam	....	*Secretary.*
„ S. Krishnamachari	....	*Joint Secretary & Treasurer.*
„ S. Narayanaswami, (V. Hons.)	....	*Class representatives.*
„ T. K. Gopalan, (Class IV)	....	
„ P. G. Sambandam, („ III)	....	
„ Harianandam, („ II)	....	
„ A. M. G. Ponniah, („ I)	....	

A. M. SAMBANDAM,
Secretary.

31-10-'32.

The History Students' Union

The business meeting of the above Union was held on 26th August, under the chairmanship of Mr. Corley, the President of the Union. Mr. A. C. Verghese of Class III and Mr. C. Jumbalingam, post-graduate, were elected as Secretary and Treasurer respectively. It was decided then to elect the executive committee at a later meeting when the members have been enlisted.

It is a matter of great regret that the Union was inactive, partly owing to the fact it was only formed at the end of the first term and partly owing to the discouraging mentality of the History students to join the Union by paying an enrolment fee of As. 4. All History students are therefore requested to take a keen interest in the Union. It is expected to hold at least three meetings before the end of this term.

A. C. VERGHESE,
Secretary.

14-11-'32

The Christian Union

Our activities mainly consist in *Cheri* visiting, Sunday School, Hospital visiting, Discussion and Study Groups, Gospel Team Fellowship and Devotional Meetings. As far as Hospital visiting is concerned, we have decided to co-operate with the Brotherhood; but have to admit that somehow, not much work is done so far. The Committee expects that those who have given their names for Hospital visiting will shake off their lethargy and contribute their mite for the service of the sick and suffering.

As for *Cheri* work, we are trying to help the 'City Sanitary Welfare League' in getting detailed statistics of the conditions in the

slums in the city. A look at some of these *Cheries* would create a shudder in the heart of the observer: and when non-Christian India is all awake on the question of *Harijan* uplift and slum betterment, are we the followers of Him who served the leper and the outcaste to close our eyes and sit quiet? One afternoon in the week, if spent in visiting your *Cheri* brethren, your time, you will realise, was not spent in vain—it will be of lasting benefit.

Our Sunday School is going on vigorously and the Assistant Headmaster has promised to help us in every way. The discussion group in Park Hostel is becoming exceedingly interesting. The members being of various shades of opinion, we have not yet been able to come to a conclusion as to what the true end of life is—one would say it is in amassing wealth, another in winning laurels from the world, a third in leading a happy-go-lucky life, and yet another that it is in the identification of one's self with the will of God. Mr. K. M. Cherian is a most valuable help to us. The Fenn Hostel Study Group, led by Mr. S. S. William, is making rapid progress.

We have formed a Gospel Team Fellowship consisting of 8 members, and we had a very useful time at a Retreat held at the residence of Mr. Ribble. On the 19th November we expect to go to a certain village outside Madras, to share our experiences with the villagers.

We have taken a great step regarding our Thursday Devotional Meetings. On the second Thursday of every month we are having a combined meeting of the College and High School Christian Unions. The College Chapel was crowded to the full at the first of these meetings in October, when Mr. K. Kuruvilla Jacob, the Head Master, conducted the service. The November service was conducted by Miss B. Fulton, the S. Y. W. C. A. Secretary in Madras. The attendance at these meetings is highly encouraging.

For a long time the Christian Union has been feeling the need of a written Constitution. A Constitution which is already drafted will soon be submitted for discussion at a General Body meeting. When it is passed we expect to get it published in the next issue of the Magazine.

Thus are we marching along.

K. K. CHANDY,
General Secretary.

The S. C. A. Camp, Poonamalee

It was a country side. With a beautiful lawn in between and shady trees all round, the moonlit bungalows afforded a captivating appearance. It was on the 12th of August, a Friday evening, that a few merry buses drove past one of the buildings and stopped in the

aforesaid lawn. In not a few of those who stepped down Poonamalee provoked a stream of recollections—fond memories of the Quadrennial Conference held there four years back. The two-storied and terraced building was to be occupied by the delegates of the fair sex, while their male brethren did not grudge accommodating themselves in the smaller bungalow some fifty yards off.

Dinner bell having been given, the dining hall paved with sweet verdure and roofed with the starry blue vault of heaven, afforded a jolly and luminous appearance. Dinner over, the campers adjourned to the grassy lawn—'the auditorium'—to hear the very striking and practical ideas of Mr. D. M. Reid,—who was introduced by the camp-hostess Mrs. Gnanadorai—in his opening speech on 'the World's need of Christ to-day'. The 'warning bell' was given at 10, and in 15 minutes the campers having gone to bed—some under shelter, some in the open—silence reigned supreme.

Saturday morning, individual devotion over, delegates with their respective badges on, helped themselves at *Chota* at 7. After morning prayers the camp broke up into eleven groups of ten to twelve members, each with two non-student leaders, one from either sex. Each group betook themselves to the shelter of some tree or other. The circular growth as it were of human beings clad in shirt or *sari* of different hue, scattered on the grassy lawn, spotted all over with trees, was indeed a magnificent sight. Bearing the main theme of camp in mind—'New Life through Christ'—each group went on to discuss *Study I* in the printed sheets 'Christ in His own generation.' That the clang of the bell after an hour was not received well by most of the groups, showed how deep they had thrown themselves into the discussion. Maybe, it is because of the great strain at these groups that the sisters found an easy selling of their things in the Canteen, which was opened immediately after.

It was a masterly address we heard from Miss E. George, followed by an interesting discussion, on the 'Conflict of Customs in Modern India.' The Conflict, she said,—due mainly to foreign influence, the spread and application of scientific knowledge, the herd instinct, the instinct to imitate,—is healthy and full of promise for the future, and will lead to the widening of the boundaries of the social systems and to national unity.

Lunch over, there was a general rush to the libraries and book stall, and for the whole afternoon every one was free to be either at a book or to enjoy a short nap or a nice chat. After tea a stream of *saris* and shirts poured into the fields and courts of various games,—football, volley ball, base ball and 'group games',—and the ladies proved without question how they could co-operate with their brothers not only in intellectual and spiritual but also in physical exercises.

It was a soul-stirring address we heard from Dr. Froelich, after evensong, in the cool of the setting sun and the glory of the rising moon, on 'Christ the Companion'. The speaker, after dealing with the question 'do we need Christ's Company', discussed whether or not 'we can have it'. 'We need the Company of Jesus' he said, to live the highest ideal, he being the very incarnation of the most sublime moral standard and the source of all grace indispensable for such a life. By a real life of prayer 'we could have the Company of Jesus—who is not bound by time and place.'

After dinner the campers adjourned for a sing-song and enjoyed an hour's programme of varied items contributed by the different institutions represented at camp.

The next morning brought Sabbath with all its solemnity. At 7 a.m., Divine Service was conducted at the Local Church of India by the Revs. Devadas and J. R. Macphail; and the fact that at the Holy Communion which followed, almost every denomination was represented, goes to prove that to the youth at least of the day, Church Union is not a distant dream.

At 9 a.m., *Study II*, 'Christ through the Ages', was taken up for discussion by the different groups. Discussion soon centred round topics like the following:—practices contrary to Christ's standard in India and in the life of a student, and how they could be corrected.

After a refreshing time at the Canteen, delegates met under a huge tree—one whose thick foliage covers an expanse of space—to hear Mr. A. S. Sudarsanam on 'the Church in India'. His calm, balanced and dignified speech was a challenge to the youth to gird up their loins to make of the Churches in India a 'United Church of Christ' adapted to appeal to the Indian mind. An interesting discussion followed which had to be adjourned to the afternoon, when it was resumed under the Chairmanship of Mr. De Boer of Vellore.

The smile of the rising moon, the splendour of the setting sun, and the beauty of the grassy lawn, struck a note of solemn harmony which made the presence of the Heavenly Father most real to the group that met for sunset worship. It was perhaps the grandeur of that evening hour that inspired the Rev. A. J. Boyd to give a most illuminating address on 'Christ the Servant'. Service was the keynote of Christ's life on earth, and service, the speaker said, was to be the motto of the youth of the day.

The camp fire that followed dinner was in Sabbath tone, and consisted of sacred songs, Negro Spirituals, National Anthems, etc.

Monday, the last day of the camp, is full of memories—associations were confirmed, acquaintances strengthened, and friendships sealed. Many a soul remembered with admiration the discoverer of photography—'snap' followed 'snap'.

The *last study*, 'Christ among us,' was discussed with unusual enthusiasm by the different groups and full justice was done to questions bearing on loyalty in national life, in community life and in family life.

Dr. Mason Olcott in his speech on 'Youth and vocation', made a clear case for the call of the village in India. He pointed out to the audience that their very existence was due to the villagers. If they wanted to serve where there is the greatest need,—'come to the villages', he said.

In the afternoon, the S. C. A. members met for their business meeting under the presidency of Mr. K. M. Cherian and reports were presented of the various unions, resolutions were passed and the camp representative was elected. After tea there was a rush to the field which was stopped for a while by an angry shower. In a football match with a local team, the campers won by one goal to nil, and it is to the credit of the Madras Christian College that all except three of the camp team were 'Christians'. Thanks to the efforts of Miss Marshall, Mr. Mills, and others, the games were so well organised that the afternoons were highly enjoyed.

The last meeting was held on the terrace of the bigger bungalow. After sunset worship, Rev. J. R. Macphail gave a scholarly address on 'Christ as Lord and King'. The moon looked wistfully at the speaker; the stars stood still. Indeed he lifted his hearers up to the realm of the infinite, to a vision of Christ as *the* Lord Supreme above every one else.

After dinner at about 8 p.m., the camp broke up and each went home with a refreshed mind, a refreshed body, and a refreshed soul.

Madras Christian College was the best represented of all the institutions, sending 32 delegates including 11 leaders—thanks to the Senatus for giving a holiday on Monday. Among visitors from College may be mentioned Messrs. L. N. Subramanian, S. Parthasarathy, S. S. Gandhekar, the Kibbles, the Bingles, the Moses', the Theodores, and the Jacobs.

That the camp was a great success there is no question. One could reasonably expect that mixed camps need no longer be a matter of experimentation, but be a regular feature of the student movement in Madras and Vellore in the future. If the camp has instilled into the delegates a quest after the true end of life, it has achieved its purpose.

K. K. CHANDY.

Astronomical Society

The Society started its activities early last term. We have met thrice till now, and under the expert guidance of our enthusiastic President Prof. Kibble, we are sure to meet many more times to solve

the mysteries of the starry heavens. It is encouraging to note that, besides the members, other students as well take a keen interest in the study of the stars. It is the earnest desire of some members to go on an excursion to the Madras Observatory. Is it to take place soon?

V. VENKATASUBRAHMAYA,
Secretary.

Radio Club

The British Empire Broadcasting Station.

On November 21st, 22nd and 23rd, from 2–30 to 4–30 p.m., Greenwich Mean Time (corresponding to 8 to 10 p. m. Indian Standard Time), test transmissions were sent out on two wave-lengths, 25·3 meters and 16·9 meters, from the new British Empire Broadcasting Station at Daventry, England. A directional system of transmission was made use of, with the beam, on these three days, directed towards India. The announcement made during these tests was as follows:—

'This is the British Empire Broadcasting Station testing to the Indian zone. The transmission is being sent out simultaneously on two transmitters using the following wave-lengths–16·9 meters, 17770 kilo-cycles per second, Call Sign G. S. G. 25·3 meters, 11865 kilo-cycles per second, Call Sign G. S. E.

'The time by the Studio Clock here is . . . p.m., and we shall be continuing this technical test until 4-30 p. m., Greenwich Mean Time. (We shall be testing again tomorrow from 2-30 to 4-30 p.m. G. M. T.)

'The B. B. C. Broadcasting House, London, will be glad to receive a report, by cable if possible, from any listener who may be receiving this test.'

The telephony was received here on the 25·3 meter wave at signal strength R5, and was very clear. Various types of gramophone records were played, and one could judge, as usually happens, that the instruments came through with greater clarity than the vocal items. This did not apply to the speech delivered straight into the microphone. A former Engineer of the Indian Broadcasting Company at Bombay had worked out a scheme for distributing the regular transmissions from this new Station to the various provinces and language areas of this country; this scheme was presented for discussion and comment. Mention also was made that regular service from this Station would begin from the 19th December, and that although, in the beginning, the period of service might be just two hours in the day, there could be no insuperable obstacle preventing an extension of the period if a

sufficiently large number of listeners in India expressed their appreciation of the service.

The 16·9 meter wave was disappointing and, apparently, no one in South India found it coming through satisfactorily. The reason for this has yet to be investigated. Although the 25·3 meter wave came through very much better, it is almost certain that there was some interference caused by two strong Continental stations, on either side, close to it.

V. A. PONNAIYA,
Secretary.

Athletics

Basket Ball

Basket Ball has well established itself as one of the chief games in the College. The ground is crowded almost every day with both beginners and experts. On seeing the great enthusiasm evinced in the game, it was decided to elect a Captain and a Secretary in order to moderate the work of the Physical Director. Accordingly P. P. Karumbayya and K. S. Janakiraman were elected to these places.

The characteristic of the game, viz. being fatigued in a short time, provides a chance to every player that turns up, though the minimum required is only ten.

Like other games, Basket Ball also has a good tradition behind it in our College. We hope to keep up the same in the coming tournament which comes off early in January.

4-11-'32 P. P. KARUMBAYYA,
Captain.

Boxing

The report of the boxing club is late, of course, for the sole reason that the club had not quite settled down to electing office-bearers. There are no elected office-bearers, but there is a Captain-Secretary who was nominated by Professor Mills, the President, later.

The strength of the club was about twelve members to begin with, and has increased to about twenty-one members who have actually put on the gloves in practice in the ring at Caithness Grounds.

Practices were conducted by the President every Monday and Thursday evening last term, when Mr. Mills assisted by the experienced members, trained the novices. To see how we stood in the ring, a boxing exhibition was given to the College and to the guest Mr. C. V. N. Sastri, formerly the Boxing Captain of Oxford, on August 29th. Mr. Sastri congratulated the President and the club for the comparatively good standard that had been achieved, assuring us good results if we entered for the inter-collegiate tournament. He then gave us a few good hints to be remembered in training.

This term, practice was not given to members as primarily the weather and secondly the examinations did not permit. We have begun our practices, hoping to display an improved standard first at a few College exhibitions and then at the inter-collegiate tournament.

14-11-'32 LOURDES S. J. CHALKE,
(*Ag.*) *Captain.*

Cricket: The Bangalore Tour

When the Cricket Club of the College arranged a tour to Bangalore last year and carried it through with complete success, the contributor of the article on that tour, seeing the results were so good, observed that the club 'hopefully looked to the College authorities to enable them to make that tour but the forerunner of many others to come'; and at the time there were many who regarded him as a 'profound optimist'; but he is happy to be able to record the results of a similar achievement this year.

Again the Michaelmas holidays were selected as being the most suited for the trip and a slightly more ambitious programme was arranged, as it was decided to visit Kolar Gold Fields *en route*, and for this our thanks are due to our very enthusiastic President, Mr. Mills, who arranged this fixture.

On the last occasion the tour clashed with the U. T. C. camp and this deprived us of one or two promising cricketers; this time however we left Madras after the camp was over.

The closing academic year depleted our ranks, and the team which was formed in July was very much weaker in all departments of the game, despite the fact that it was fortunate to include in its numbers a member of staff in the person of Mr. E. F. Norman, who has proved himself a tower of strength in our attack. This being the case it was decided to invite three of our old students who might be regarded as the 'cream' of the 1931-1932 team. Messrs. Appachoo, Varadarajan and Eling accepted the invitation, and we expected to carry all before us with their assistance. Illness however had a voice in the matter, as Appachoo was unable to join us and Arthur Spitteler was available for a single match. The latter's absence from the ranks was felt very much, and left a blank which was never adequately filled.

The team arrived at Champion Reefs on the morning of the 23rd September and was met by Dr. Couts our host. The day was spent in going round the mine, and we are very grateful to all those gentlemen who showed us around, and explained things to us with much patience. That evening the team turned out for net practice, and Mr. Norman & Co. showed a few of our opponents what they could expect on the morrow.

For this, our first match of the tour, the Kolar people opposed us with quite a strong team, though in fairness to them we must say that they could have been more strong as one or two of the regulars were away. We had to field first and the skipper put Mr. Norman in charge of the attack from the road end. Matters were very rosy when our professor claimed a victim with the first ball of the match, catching and bowling as he did Scott for a zero. Boosey joined Bonds, but

before he could finish his over, Mr. Norman claimed Boosey's wicket, who fell to a brilliant catch by 'skipper', Johnny, at point. Nailer filled the vacancy and the score was raised to 50 when he was well held by W. Spitteler off Mr. Norman for 38. Thereafter wickets fell in succession to Mr. Norman till we claimed seven of these for 99 runs. After this however Evans came in and by vigorous batting raised it to 160 when he too fell a victim to our tall left-hander. The innings came to a close seven runs later when Rev. Jory was bowled for 1 by Sunder Rao. Venturing out after lunch, we sent in Varadarajan and Ananda Rao to face the bowling of Bonds and Boosey. We in our turn did not start any too promisingly, losing the first wicket at 14, but when W. Spitteler joined Varadarajan matters improved considerably, till at 58 we lost the last-named batsman for a well-played 36. W. Eling joined Willie Spitteler, but soon lost the latter, for in trying to bring off a big hit he was well held by Boreham. A. E. Spitteler then joined Eling and the pair raised the score to 128, when Arthur was out for a well-played 39. This was a splendid performance considering the fact that he was ill at the time. We had compiled 195 for six wickets and could have won the match by 4 wickets but it was thought better to give our men some practice for our engagements at Bangalore, so the rest of them tried their strides and we finished up with 212 runs, Ganesh Rao 29 being the best of that bunch. The top score of the match was claimed by Eling, who played a very fine game for his 56, revealing to us that he had lost nothing of his old form. A feature of the game was the splendid bowling of Mr. Norman, who bowled unchanged from his end. Sending down 18 overs he took nine wickets for the small total of 75 runs and left an excellent impression behind.

The team then went on to Bangalore, where games were played against Thompson's XI, the City Y.M.C.A., the Central College, and St. Joseph's, in the order mentioned.

Playing against Thompson's XI we had to be content with a draw. Batting first they declared at 163 for nine wickets, leaving us two hours of play. We replied with 130 for six. Varadarajan again batted well for his 39, and so did Ganesh Rao who remained unbeaten with 27. Others to secure double figures were J. Eling (17), W. Spitteler (17, which included a delightful sixer), Chandy (10), and Mr. Norman (13); this in addition to his four wickets for 65 demonstrates that he can bat too, and we hope he will gradually get used to conditions here and give us valuable scores.

The City Y. M. C. A. under the leadership of Mr. Kanickam opposed us with a team which in all probability is the strongest side Bangalore can muster. Batting first they scored 190 runs, which included a very fine 51 off Mr. Kanickam's bat compiled in excellent

style. Our batsmen failed badly and in two innings we could gather only 97 runs. We thus lost by an innings and 93 runs. The attack was too good for us and the only people who did anything for us were Varadarajan (17), and Mr. Norman (11), both in the second innings.

For our match against the Central College we had the misfortune of not being able to use Varadarajan as our stumper, but Ananda Rao who very gamely deputised acquitted himself very creditably, giving only 2 byes in the large score of 236 (well played Anand). Here again we were opposed by a very powerful team which included three men from the staff, all of them strong cricketers. Batting first they ran up their huge score for the loss of only five wickets. We could have fared better but our fielding was very much on the weak side and our opponents took full advantage of this. Vijayasarathy played sparkling cricket for his 65. Hitting with delightful freedom he included three sixes in his score. We in our turn did not fare well with the bat, and could only collect 105 runs. Of this number good old Varadarajan again gave us a substantial score. His 51 not out, secured with a hurt finger and at a time when all the others were failing miserably, deserves great credit. Mr. Norman and Chandy were the only two of the others to do anything, with 12 and 11 runs respectively.

In our last match with St. Joseph's College, played on the New Field, we fielded a much stronger bowling side than in any of our other games. For the first time in the tour we had first tenancy of the wicket and opened our innings with Varadarajan and Ananda Rao. The pair gave us a splendid start, scoring 58 before Anand was dismissed for a very valuable 13 scored as the result of patient cricket. Thereafter a rot set in and we lost nine wickets for the very moderate total of 87 runs. Varadarajan alone defied the bowling up to this stage, and his score of 35 was a great achievement. Our hopes were none too high but the gloom was soon dispelled when our very popular President Mr. Mills, in partnership with Mr. Norman, put on 55 runs for the last wicket. The pair batted with delightful vigour, cutting and driving with tremendous force to the accompaniment of repeated cheers from the pavilion. At 142 Mr. Mills was bowled by Hameed for a very useful 16, leaving Mr. Norman unbeaten with 32 scored in splendid style. Going out in their turn, the Josephites could do nothing against our trundlers, who seemed inspired. The entire side collapsed for 59 runs, thanks to Mr. Norman and Tholasi who claimed four wickets each for an average of 6·5 and 1·5 respectively. This was certainly Mr. Norman's day and we were proud indeed of our worthy professor.

The outstanding performances during the tour were those of Varadarajan with the bat, where he easily heads the average list. His wicket-keeping too was brilliant. Of the 416 runs scored against us

during his regime behind the stumps he conceded only 16 byes and claimed 3 victims. For fielding, W. Spitteler easily bears the palm. At all times he was brilliant, eliciting hearty applause for the way in which he stopped hot drives and for his picking up and throwing in. To this he added the distinction of being a safe catch, accepting as he did every one that came his way. Among the bowlers, Mr. Norman was a host in himself. Bowling as many as 91 overs in five matches he claimed 13 maidens and gave away only 288 runs for his 23 wickets. This gave him an average of 12·5 runs. Nor was this all: with each outing his batting went up by leaps and bounds till he ultimately finished up with his 32 not out against St. Joseph's. His worth to the team can be judged from these facts.

Thus quite an enjoyable tour was ours, and we must not forget to offer our very hearty thanks to Dr. Couts our kind host at Kolar for his very warm reception, and for the way in which he made it his business to see that nothing was too good for us. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. Varadarajan and Eling for their ready response to our invitation and for their valuable services throughout. To Mr. Norman we owe our appreciation for his kindness in spending his holidays with the team in preference to other invitations. His services were invaluable, and if we did as well as we have done, he is responsible in no small measure. To our esteemed Sports Secretary Mr. Boyd we offer our special thanks for the splendid way in which he encouraged the tour and gave us his interest and presence at all our matches at Bangalore, and to our popular President we tender our *merci beaucoup*. His enthusiasm and support made the tour possible. We cannot adequately express our appreciation for all he has done, but assure him that these deeds will ever live as cherished memories. To the Rev. S. Demorias we offer our thanks for his kindness in securing the bungalow for our stay at Bangalore.

Another successful tour has therefore become a thing of the past, and I am sure that the time has arrived when we may regard these trips as annual fixtures. Next year promises to give us a crop of cricketers in addition to those who are already with us, and if this is so and funds permit, why not a visit to Ceylon? Nothing would give the writer greater pleasure than to accompany the team to the island, and the members of the cricket club with whom he enjoys an intimate comradeship are assured that he will do all in his power—little though this may be—to see that this cherished dream is realised.

C. F. DWYER.

Hockey

If success were to be estimated by the number of matches won, the present season would have to be regarded as a most unsuccessful

one for the Hockey Club. Not for many years has our team been so often defeated. Victories in tournaments, however, are not the infallible criterion of success, and the fact is that the Hockey Club is in an exceedingly healthy condition, probably, indeed, in a healthier condition than it ever was before. The game is being played more regularly than it used to be, and by a far larger number of students. It is being played in an excellent spirit, and, even among the members of the college team itself, there has been little or no tendency to undue depression at the experience of defeat. This shows that we are at last getting things into their true perspective. During the past six years, our hockey teams have had many brilliant seasons, but some who were interested in them had the uneasy feeling that all was not well. The winning of tournaments was hailed with too much elation. Mere playing for the sake of playing was too infrequent, and too few took part in it. In this 'unsuccessful' season, all that is changing. We are beginning to see that a game is a game, and not a pot-hunt. As a result of that, practice games are better attended, and tournament games are kept in their proper place, as occasional excitements rather than as the main activities. The bad old days have gone when, with a few honourable exceptions, the members of the First Eleven contented themselves with turning up for matches, and were never seen at practices.

Meanwhile, we are bringing up a promising team. Most of the players are young, but by next year they will be older. All that they need is a little more experience, a little more practice in playing together, and (above all) a firmer grasp of the profound truth that a team is something more than eleven individuals.

A. J. B.

Football

As already mentioned by Mr. Nainan in the last issue of our Magazine, we began football very early this year.

The League Tournament began even in July, and we met with splendid success to begin with, beating Pachaiyappa's by 8 goals to 2. In connection with the League, we have played 6 matches so far, of which we have won 4, lost one, and drawn one. So, we are now *minus* 3. We have yet to play a few more to complete the first round. We hope to do better in these matches.

We entered for the Presidency College Tournament. Three members of the staff,—Mr. Norman, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Abraham, helped us by playing for us. According to the fixture, there was little opposition for us and everybody thought that we would, without much difficulty, win the cup. What happened? We were defeated

by ' Loyola ' by the narrowest of margins. How? I cannot say. We can comfort ourselves by the reflection that Loyola afterwards won the tournament.

Yet, we are by no means discouraged. We have yet to play for the Wilson Cup which we hold. It is to be hoped that all our players will make it a point to attend practices regularly so that we may strike a better form and retain the cup.

M. D. EBENEZER,

20th November, 1932. *Vice-Captain.*

Volley-ball

We began the play only towards the end of last term. As in the case of other games, volley-ball too has its new devotees, and a large number of beginners have taken to the game and they like it very much. This year promises to be very good for volley-ball, and we expect to secure all the trophies this year under the expert guidance of Mr. C. A. Abraham. We have reached the finals in the R.M.S. Volley-ball Tournament, beating the other teams with a large margin. Mr. Henderson's hittings and Mr. Krishnan's droppings are matchless. We beat the Georgetown Athletic Association team in a friendly match in two straight games without the least effort. We are proud to proclaim that we are the only team in the college that has not yet yielded the palm to anybody. Perhaps we may even be able to train up two college teams this year.

C. I. CHERU,

10th November, 1932. *Captain.*

U. T. C.

The Annual Camp

The morning of the 10th September 1932 broke clear and cloudless, and the glorious weather filled all of us with intense enthusiasm. We waited expectantly for 11 o'clock, when we were to start from the Fort. The sun, however, grew scorching by the time we left the Fort and the recruits, unaccustomed to standing in the hot sun for hours at a stretch, grew rather discomfited.

We alighted at Minambakam station at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the temperature had increased by a few degrees. In spite of all the heat, the whole battalion was very gay, and we marched to barracks singing all the way.

We were given tents to live in this year, ten men and a section commander in each tent. What with the white ants in the tents, found under our ground sheets every morning, and the water dripping in on our beds when it rained, we were put to a great deal of worry, but our 'gallant soldiers' took all in good part and never uttered a word of complaint. Side by side with the worries of tent life were the advantages, our proximity to the mess tents, for one. Then again, living a carefree life in the open air was very exhilerating.

We were asked to provide ourselves with cups and plates for our food, and were put to a great trouble washing them three times a day, and hunting for them when somebody else 'borrowed' something without asking us.

We were comparatively free for the first two days, our only task being digging trenches round our tents. Real work, however, began after that. Our programme roughly ran as follows.—Réveillé 06-00 hours. This was followed by physical training and then the morning parade for one and a half hours. We had musketry after grub for another one and a half hours. Unlike last year, however, we had special evening parades this year, since the Commandant wanted a higher standard of military life. After the evening parades came recreation, breaking 'out of bounds', and sometimes flying visits to Madras picture-halls. In spite of the great care taken by the orderly officers and the vigilant eye of the police, nearly the whole battalion used to be found at Madame Ellen's Stores in the evenings, some drinking tea or sipping cool drinks, others eating ice-cream after ice-cream with great relish.

We did very well in the competition this year, getting two cups—for Attendance and Athletics, and coming second in cross-country,

Musketry, Guard mounting, drill competition, and route march. We also won the Willingdon Shield for general efficiency, for the third time in the last six years, having stood second twice, an almost unequalled record. It would not be far from the truth to say that it was all due to our officers Lieut. A. J. Boyd and 2/ Lieut J. R. Macphail that we did so well. Our Commanding Officer had his own way of encouragement. His original epithets for us sometimes irritated us; at other times they encouraged us. For instance, when he used to address us as a 'set of kindergarten girls' or 'a bevy of "Doveton Girls" (how does he know them?) on a Sunday picnic', we used to feel indignant, but at other times his sincere encouragement and just praise bucked us up immensely. The Willingdon Shield is a fitting reward for the great care he took to train us up. Combined with this was the affectionate supervision of Mr. Macphail, who, though he never used a harsh word, still managed to infuse intense enthusiasm into our hearts.

The camp finally came to a close on the 23rd September. Some of us breathed sighs of relief and looked like birds freed from their cages. Others looked as though they had just returned from a war. Consciousness of having performed a difficult task was written all over their faces. The N.C.O's. seemed very sorry at the loss of their power over the recruits.

We reached Madras Fort at 3 in the afternoon and broke up, all anxious to reach their homes.

PURNANANDA.

College Notes

It is difficult to look back over a whole term of College life and to single out the significant things at a glance. Perhaps the most outstanding things have been the resignation of Mr. Ross, and the conversations with representatives of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and of Bishop Heber College at Trichinopoly (see below). The daily round of classes and examinations has been as usual, and there is nothing to report there. The Societies continue busily, as their reports have already shown—though some Societies have resolutely refused to report when asked to. The U. T. C., at the annual camp, was successful in recapturing the Willingdon Shield 'for all-round efficiency'.

In athletics there are no dazzling triumphs to boast of. The only trophy which the College has won so far has been the R. M. S. Shield for Volley-Ball (the team were so excited by their success that they forgot to send an official report of it for our Athletics Section). In football we have done well in the Lawley Cup matches, being unbeaten so far except by the Medicals, an especially strong team mostly booted. But there is little chance now of winning the Cup. In the Presidency College Tournament we were beaten in our first match, though it is some consolation to remember that our opponents went on to win the tournament. The Cricket Club had a successful tour to Bangalore in the Michaelmas vacation, and in the inter-collegiate tournament have given a good account of themselves, but have lost all chance of the Cup. In the Presidency College Cricket Tournament we were beaten by Presidency College itself. The hockey team, as the note in the Athletics Section shows, ought to be regarded as undergoing a period of reconstruction. It is not often that only one member of the last year's XI survives; and when it does happen, if the team plays on in the right spirit, and shows promise for next year, that is all that can be expected. And in those ways our team is thoroughly satisfactory.

At the beginning of this month three University teams were chosen—cricket, hockey and tennis—to play against various Universities in the North. There was not a Christian College player in any of them. We can take some comfort in the thought that if a football XI had also been sent (and why not?), we should certainly have been well represented there. And surely it is creditable that, in the absence of outstanding hockey-players and cricketers, we should have done as well as we have.

A Change in Staff: Resignation of Mr. Ross.

We regret to have to announce that Mr. Ross will not return to Madras. He has felt obliged to resign on medical grounds. A friend of his writes :—

'It is not easy to assess the loss the College sustains in the retirement of Mr. Ross. A comparison of the impressions he left in different quarters would reveal an element of paradox which is really an index to the man. Appointed Professor of Mathematics in the College in 1907, after taking high rank as a Wrangler at Cambridge in a particularly brilliant year (Eddington, who was his personal friend, was Senior Wrangler), he will be remembered first as a mathematician: indeed, for many in Madras he was the mathematician *par excellence*. But mathematics only formed part of his equipment. Of classics, history, philosophy, theology, science (in many branches) and literature he had a mastery which many students of the subjects might have envied. But as he had little of the art of the showman few but his intimates suspected the range of his knowledge. The width of his reading, coupled with an unusual swiftness of thought and a scorn for conventional values or for any sort of sham, often proved disconcerting in conversation, still more so in controversy. But the combination of gifts added to his usefulness in counsel, and much of his most fruitful work was done outside the class-room. The College and University Libraries, the Professors' and the Teachers' Retiring Funds, the organization of the Church of Scotland Mission, will long bear the marks of his devoted service. For if he sometimes seemed to others exacting he did not spare himself. His loyalty to the College, to his friends, and to all good causes, was conspicuous: his good works were often done in secret, but their beneficiaries will not forget him. Gifted but temperamental, diffident and yet pugnacious, warm-hearted but intolerant, he remains something of a paradox—a little incomprehensible to many, to some rather alarming; but to those who know him best a man in a thousand, perhaps unique.'

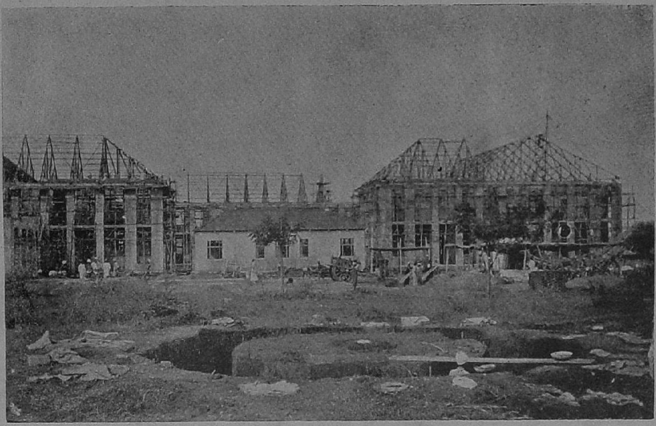
Progress at Tambaram

Mr. Barnes, who since the beginning of this term has been in residence at Tambaram, writes :—

'Considerable progress has been made at Tambaram since the last copy of the *Magazine* appeared. The brickwork and most of the concrete work of the Science building has been completed, and the iron supports for the roof are now mostly in position. The walls of the dining section of the first Hall are several feet above the ground, and the foundations of the two residential buildings have been laid. The main well is now finished except for the protecting fence, a large

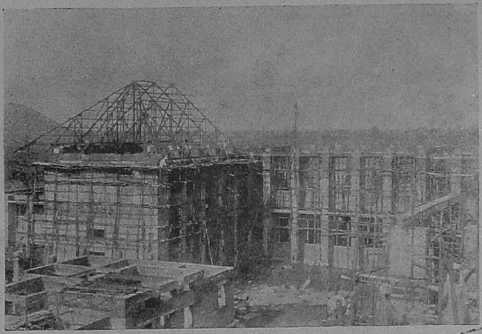
BUILDING AT TAMBARAM

View from the South, showing Foundations of a Water-Tower



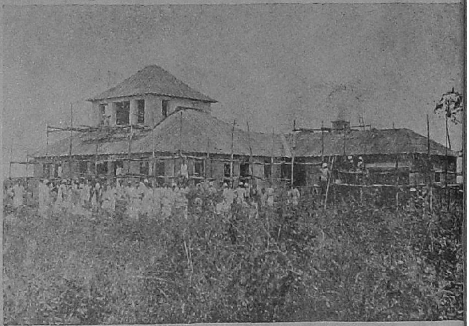
M. D. Sounderarajan

Science Building—the Quadrangle



E. Barnes

The Brotherhood and Mr. Barnes's House



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The West Front of the Science Building

M. D. Sounderarajan

part of the water main has been laid, and the foundations of two of the water towers are being put in. The well at present has about 40 feet of water in it, and as it is 40 feet in diameter, it contains about one-third of a million gallons of water. A considerable amount of tree planting has been carried out during the last few months. There are now nearly 400 trees in the ground. Recently the east and west sides of the Chapel Square have been planted as tamarind avenues and the south side as one of *dalbergia lanceolaria*. The entrance road on the east has been planted with *peltophorum* to correspond with the west entrance road.

'Several gifts of plants are acknowledged with thanks. Mr. R. W. Anthony, an old student of the College, has offered a hundred coconut plants, arrangements for the planting of which are being made. Mrs. Hogg has given a number of ornamental trees and Mr. T. Verghese a number of seedling *jak* trees.

'Up to the time of writing the rainfall at Tambaram has been considerably less this year than for the same period last year; it is also lower than that of Madras, but as this is the middle of the monsoon season these statements may soon cease to be true.'

The Tambaram Scheme

The actual building-scheme, as Mr. Barnes's note shows, and as most of our readers, we hope, have recently seen for themselves, is progressing gradually and surely. What is happening apart from that? A good deal of thinking is going on, for one thing. The College at Tambaram which is now building is different from any College that has ever been built before; and while many details must be left to settle themselves in practice there, there are many things which demand careful and wise thought beforehand. Which classes are to meet in the Halls, and which are to meet in the Science or Arts buildings? How is authority to be divided between the College Principal and the Hall Wardens? Certain principles, the fruit of much discussion, are lowly taking shape.

There is one point at which we have definitely advanced. It has already been known for some time that Bishop Heber College is to close down at Trichinopoly and to re-open as a part of the new Madras Christian College at Tambaram. 'Bishop Heber' has fine traditions of its own and stands for certain principles, both in education and in religion. These must be maintained as far as possible at Tambaram, so as to enrich the common stock. There have been conferences already, in which a special Commissioner from England took part, and discussions are still proceeding. A definite first step towards union is to be taken next July. Some members of the Bishop Heber staff are to be transferred here to fill existing vacancies in our staff. No

new B.A. students will be admitted to Bishop Heber College: they will come here instead.

Contributions to the Miller Memorial Library Fund, initiated by the College Day Association, are coming in—but very slowly. So far, indeed, the response has been disappointing, and cannot be regarded as a worthy indication of the attitude of our Old Boys to the memory of Dr. Miller. There have, however, been individual examples of fine generosity, and it may be hoped that as we gradually emerge from the depths of economic depression, these examples will be multiplied a thousand fold.

M.C.C.O.B. (Lond.) Assn.

These mystic symbols stand for 'Madras Christian College Old Boys' (London) Association.' Mr. A. Gopalaswamy Rao Sahib, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.), who has recently returned to Madras, brings news of a dinner of the Association held at the Veeraswamy Restaurant in London. Mr. R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, then on his way to the Ottawa Conference, presided. Besides the Chairman's speech, Mr. Gordon Matthews reported on the progress of the Tambaram Scheme. The photograph unfortunately is not very clear, but seems worth reproducing all the same. The persons present are as follows: *seated* (left to right), Messrs. Iswaran, I.C.S., K. V. Rajagopalaswamy, Gordon Matthews, Shanmukham Chetty, Srikanta Reddy (Secretary), Sambasiva Rao, Gopalaswamy Rao, and V. C. Ramachandran (Committee member). *Standing*: Messrs. S. Amarendra Iyengar (Treasurer), U. Narayana Rao, M. V. Paul, George Oomen, A. T. Mathew, K. C. Koshi, Kurian (Committee member), and C. R. Reddy.

The date of the dinner was June 24th, 1932.

College Church

The list of Preachers at the College services for the term is as follows:—

October	9	....	The Principal
,,	16	....	Rev. C. W. Ranson
,,	23	....	Rev. L. P. Larsen
,,	30	....	Mr. J. P. Manikkam
November	6	....	Mr. E. J. Bingle
,,	13	....	Mr. S. S. William
,,	20	....	Mr. F. E. Corley
,,	27	....	Rev. A. Silver
December	4	....	Dr. E. E. Richardson
,,	11	....	Rev. A. J. Boyd
,,	18	....	Rev. R. Frölich

All the visiting preachers are old friends except Dr. Richardson, Professor of Philosophy in the University of George Washington, Washington, U. S. A., who was paying a short visit to Madras at the time. Dr. Richardson also gave a lecture in the Anderson Hall on the next day, December 5th.

There were also two Devotional Services in the morning, on October 24th and on December 7th. The preachers were the Rev. J. R. Macphail and the Rev. F. W. Shaw, of the Egmore Wesleyan Church.

Reviews

Ramon Lull. By P. G. Bridge. The Bhaktas of the World Series. (C.L.S., Madras. Price 12 As.)

The life and work of Raymond Lull remind us of a neglected aspect of the life of Christendom in the thirteenth century. Spain then stood on the frontiers of Europe—physically, intellectually and spiritually. Across the frontier, within Europe, was a culture and a religion strongly opposed to the tradition of Christendom and there was a constant warfare not only of armies but of mind and spirit also. One curious result of this strife of cultures was that the thirteenth century renaissance stood deeply indebted to its spiritual enemies for the foundations of its theology and culture.

In this struggle Ramon Lull took a leading and inspiring part. Lull was a man of aristocratic family who became a courtier at the court of the King of Aragon. His early life was not marked by any great spirituality, but at the age of thirty he passed through a severe spiritual crisis. Thereafter he set himself to win for Christ that Arabic civilization which dominated southern Spain and the northern coast of Africa. He soaked himself in Arabic culture that he might meet his opponents on their own ground. He went on numerous journeys that he might win some few personally to the cause of Christ and in order to further the cause he had most at heart, that of a great organised missionary effort to win the Moslem world to Christianity.

Besides these intense intellectual and missionary enterprises he devoted himself to the culture of his spiritual life, to the apprehension of a deeper experience of the love of God in Christ. His mystical experiences were conceived under the categories of romantic chivalry. As St. Francis of Assisi was the knight of Lady Poverty, so Ramon Lull was the knight of Lady Valour, and his book is the Book of the Lover and the Beloved. Though many of the phrases of romantic chivalry seem artificial and remote when applied to religion, and even dangerous as being too erotic in colouring, yet they represent an attempt to think of religion in terms of one aspect of the life of the time, and also in terms of a permanent element in human life. Mr. Bridge's book gives us numerous extracts from Lull's writings and leaves us with a strong desire to know more of this great Christian missionary, thinker, and mystic.

E. J. B.

The Cross and Indian Thought.—By V. Chakkarai, B.A., B.L., (C.L.S. Re. 1–4).

This is Mr. Chakkarai's second contribution to the series of Indian Studies edited by Dr. A. J. Appasamy.

This volume is a detailed and thoughtful consideration of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement, in which the author draws very freely upon his knowledge of Hindu religious and philosophical thought as well as upon the contributions of modern scientists and philosophers. The book, indeed, for the purposes of the ordinary reader seems a trifle over-weighted by its apparatus of comparison and reference.

In the course of his study the author deals with such subjects as Karma and Sin, the problem of Sin and Suffering, Christ's thought regarding the meaning of the Cross, various doctrines of the Atonement which have been held by differing schools of religious thought, and the relation of Christian mysticism to the fact of the Cross.

The author accepts the Atonement as including not only the reaching out of God to men, but as covering 'the entire range of men's strivings towards God'.

It may be asked why a fact in space and time such as the Crucifixion should have such a momentous significance for religious thought and experience. The author insists upon the importance of the historical figure of Jesus, of His acts and of their still living meaning for men. 'In religion we face the acts of God,' and in the Atonement we have the greatest and most significant of the Divine acts.

The fact of the Cross is not simply an isolated fact, but it has vital importance for men in their present experience and in determining their view of life. The effect of the Cross is to make evil even more terrible in the eyes of men and to bring about in them a 'moral and spiritual restoration'.

The author examines various theories of the Atonement and devotes considerable time to a criticism of the theory based upon the conception of vicarious suffering. He points out that such a theory lays an emphasis, which is wrongly placed, upon a God whose majesty has been offended by sin, rather than upon a God whose heart has been wounded by evil. This is to hold a perverted view of the nature of God.

In the chapter on 'Christian Mysticism and the Cross' it is claimed that 'here the Indian soul is in its true home and atmosphere and here it is that the Indian experience can illuminate regions which are still in darkness.' The mystical experience which the Christian *bhakta* is able to have is not the following of a path of negation, but the path of the Cross which, while it involves the sharing of the

suffering of Christ himself, is positive and leads to regions of experience, ampler and freer than anything that has hitherto been known.

Finally, the author sees the Cross as a symbol of that which is at the heart of the universe, namely sacrifice. 'The world was created by sacrifice, and in sacrifice the world consists, and the New Testament adds, the world's salvation consists in sacrifice.'

G. C. M.

The Rural Community and the School. By G. S. Krishnayya, M.A., PH.D. pp. 162. Association Press, Calcutta. Paper cover Re. 1-4. Cloth Rs. 2.

The book is devoted to the thesis that the rural school must register the needs of the community, and it seeks suggestions for the adjustment of Indian schools to their rural communities from a study of certain American institutions which have tried to embody that idea. The first part of the book is a study of the Penn School, Berry Schools and Negro Extension Service in America. The second part is given to a study of the message of the above institutions to the rural school and rural reconstruction in India. The author finds many striking similarities between the conditions under which the American institutions work and those that prevail in rural India, and suggests that to the extent to which conditions are comparable the means and methods employed in rural America may be adapted to India.

The book is a powerful plea for the need for adapting the curriculum to the needs of the child and its environment, and for the promotion of community spirit. The author bemoans the lack of an adequate philosophy of education and suggests the encouragement of fresh experiments with adequate provision for a wide dissemination of the results of experiments. The need for educational research by experts is stressed and an appeal is made for more generous private aid in addition to a more adequate State aid.

This is a timely book. For those interested in rural reconstruction the book contains many valuable suggestions. There is a good grasp of our village problem and the approach to its solution is fresh and stimulating. 'The village school must become the centre of a new village life and supply the cohesion, initiative and knowledge required for the great task of rural reconstruction.'

S. J. T.

The Philosophy of Islam. By Khan Sahib Khaja Khan, B.A. Pp. 120. Second Edition. Hogarth Press, Madras. Price Re. 1-4-0.

The author's purpose in this book is two-fold. First is to show what *Tasawwuf* is not, rather than what it is. He tries to correct the common view that it is a species of knowledge which is nothing more than Vedantic doctrines and Grecian aphorisms. '*Tasawwuf* is a system of philosophy, the true realisation of which depends not only on understanding its principles, but also going practically through them.' The second is to correct the unhealthy tendency of modern education in making Muhammadan young men indifferent to religion by showing that 'Islamic doctrines and practices, if probed deeply, would be found to have the support of the best and most earnest thinkers of the West.'

The book is a brief study of the philosophy of Islamic mysticism, and the author thinks that Muslim philosophers have attained their acme of perfection in their ontology.

S. J. T.

College Magazines Received

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The Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam.

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The Magazine, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
The Presidency College Magazine, Madras.
The Madras Law College Magazine, Madras.
The Mrs. A. V. N. College Magazine, Vizagapatam.
St. John's College Magazine, Agra.
The Andhra Christian College Magazine, Guntur.
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The Magazine, St. Thomas's College, Trichur.
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